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FOREVER.

BY FANNIE A. HALL ALDEN.

Not for a day, my darling, or for one brief year,
Was true love born; nor can we lightly sever
The fondest ties that ever bound us here—
Ties which must last forever and forever.

No, no! Say not that thou "must give me up!"
There is not—can not be a "must" in this;
Dash not from my young lips the glowing cup,
Whose sweet, pure drops have crowned my life with bliss.

"Forever!" Darling, must I strive to tread
The winning, slippery paths of life alone?—
No loving pillow for my weary head—
No resting-place that I can call mine own?

There may be those who love, and yet forget;
But, ah! *such* love is not a love like mine;
The sun may in a blaze of glory set,
While clearly reflected still its light will shine.

I love thee, darling, and will wait long years,
If then, perchance, thou may'st yet call me "wife;"
Without thee there is naught for me but tears—
Tears and the anguish of a blasted life.

Forever, dearest, must my love be thine!
Come sickness, poverty, I love thee still!
In trials closer yet our souls may twine,
And purest joy our loving hearts shall thrill.

No, no, my precious one! This must not be!
These holy bonds of love we may not sever;
Heart unto heart, and hand in hand with thee,
I am thine own, forever and *forever!*

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

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HE GAZED FIXEDLY, ALMOST STERNLY, AT BERTHA, WHO THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET, ON HER KNEES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TRACKED.

About half-past seven on the following evening, James Armstrong alighted from a Broad Street train on to the platform of the Dalston Station, and as soon as the crowd of passengers had dispersed, began to look around for the person who had given him the appointment.

Just at that moment he felt a tap upon the shoulder, and came face to face with the Dumb Man, who, making him a sign to follow, proceeded up the staircase. Neither of them noticed a woman, dressed in a long, gray waterproof cloak, which covered her form to her heels, and a close bonnet, from which descended a thick, black veil, that entirely concealed her features. This person, who had been loitering at the further end of the platform during the last half hour, followed them out of the station. Turning to the left, they walked at a brisk pace down Dalston Lane, and then struck off in the direction of Clapton, still followed by the woman in the gray waterproof.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that this woman was Harriet Armstrong. A night of deep, lethargic sleep had restored her mind to its natural vigor, and to a full sense of the peril of her situation. To remain beneath that roof after what she had overheard, was impossible. She would go down to Marney, confess all to Sir William, throw herself upon his mercy, and be guided by his counsel, but first of all, she would make a desperate effort to discover this rival for whom she was to be sacrificed, to scatter all his vile plots to the wind, ay, even if her own life paid the forfeit of the attempt. Such was the plan she conceived during that morning, and while her maid was below at tea, she hastily donned a cloak and bonnet, descended the stairs upon tiptoe, slipped out of the house unobserved, and taking a cab, arrived at the station just as the hand of the dial pointed to seven. She saw her husband alight from the train; she saw him joined by the Dumb Man, and then, as we have seen, followed in their footsteps.

After about half an hour's brisk walk, the pair turned off into a narrow half-rural lane, overhung by trees, and with a high garden-wall on each side. It was quite dark, a single gas lamp at the top being the only light to be seen. Harriet paused for a moment, with a sensation of fear. But the hesitation was only momentary. The spirits of jealousy and revenge that raged within her heart would have steeled it to encounter yet greater perils than even those which lay before.

She could hear the dull thud of the footsteps upon the soft ground growing more distant, as, swiftly passing the solitary lamp, she followed in their wake. All before her was profoundly obscure. She could not see whither she was going. She had no clue to guide her save her ear, and was obliged to tread with the utmost caution, lest her own footsteps should be heard. Presently it sounded to her as though those in advance had suddenly changed their direction. A few more steps forward informed her of the cause of this—the lane debouched into another, which crossed it at right angles. The footsteps had turned to the right, and to the right she turned also. The walls went no further. On one side was a high hedge, on the other a row of pollard trees, and beyond, as far as the darkness would permit her to judge, low-lying meadows. There was a damp, chilly sensation in the air, as though water were near. Through the obscurity, gleamed three or four distant lights, seemingly from scattered houses. What would be the end of this adventure? Where was she? How would she ever find her way back? Such were the thoughts that filled Harriet's mind as she pursued the gloomy road.

After about ten minutes' further walk, she could perceive that she was drawing quite close to one of the lights, which evidently shone from a window. This house was, most probably, their destination. Her thought was correct. The footsteps ceased for a moment, then sounded as though they were ascending steps. Another pause, followed by the opening and shutting of a door, then all was still.

She advanced until she stood opposite the light. It streamed from one of the upper windows of a low, long, one-storied house, that lay back in a small garden, approached from the roadway by a short flight of steps.

She ascended the steps, passed through the iron gate, which had been left open by the two men, and cautiously approached the house by the narrow garden path. She listened; she could hear her husband's voice, but not the words he spoke. Then another voice took up the murmur—a woman's. Her heart beat fiercely at that sound; her teeth set, and her hand involuntarily clenched. This conversation, of which she could not catch one word, went on for some time.

But what was the use of all this? She might as well be a hundred miles away as here, unless she could gain admittance to this house; see this woman; confront her, and, if she should be innocent of them, expose her husband's designs. If not—ay, if not? No distinct answer came to that, only a fierce surge of passion. What was to be done?

She walked slowly down the garden and seated herself upon the top step to think—to seek about in her mind for some expedient, some means to gain admittance to her rival.

Time passed on. The voices within grew louder—the man's, threatening; the woman's, plaintive, and finally, indignant. But Harriet was plunged too deeply in the labyrinth of her thoughts to heed, or even hear these sounds. Out of these thoughts, she had evolved a wild, desperate plan—one almost impossible of success. But in the overwrought, excited state of her mind, nothing seemed impossible.

She scarcely heard the door open and the two men come forth; she had only just time to dart down the steps, run a few paces up the road, and conceal herself in the blackness of the night, when they passed over the spot upon which she had been sitting.

When they descended into the road, they stopped for a moment.

"I could have been almost positive," she heard her husband say, "that I saw a shadow flit down those steps, but I suppose it was fancy."

He and his companion then walked on, and Harriet followed at a distance so great that she could hear only the faintest echo of their footsteps. At length the narrow lane was reached; she required their guidance no further, and so she loitered until all sound of their presence died away.

She then slowly wended her way until she arrived once more in the region of gas-lamps, houses, and passers-by. She had not the least idea of the neighborhood, but she carefully marked every turn she took, and, where it was painted up, the name of each thoroughfare. She felt certain that she would be able to retrace her steps in the daylight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ESCAPE.

Before eight o'clock the next morning, Harriet was again wending her way down the long, narrow lane. She had slept the preceding night at a quiet, suburban inn, and rose early that morning to put the plan she had conceived into execution.

The road that crossed the lane was bounded upon the left side by a hedge and high shelving ground. On the right were rows of pollards, flat, dank meadows, or rather, marshes, and some distance off, a sluggish river, overflowing its shallow banks.

The morning was gray, threatening rain, and a low, white mist hovered over the fields. The house to which she bent her course was a bare, repulsive-looking stone building, in wretched repair, with a door in the centre, a window on each side, and three above. The garden in front was overgrown with weeds, and the small iron gate which gave admittance to it was bent and rusty, and hung upon one hinge. The steps that led up to it were broken, and out of every crack grew green lichens. Behind the house was a piece of bare, rising ground, bounded by a high wall; in front, lay the mist-covered, Dutch-like landscape. The whole aspect of the place was melancholy and sinister in the extreme.

Harriet halted a little distance off to compose herself, for, spite of her determination, her nerves began to tremble as the moment drew near in which she was to put her bold plan into execution. It's success must entirely depend upon coolness and effrontery; the slightest weakness would inevitably betray her.

At length, with a firm tread, she mounted the steps, passed up the garden, and knocked at the door. She pressed her hand against her side, to repress the beating of her heart, and awaited the answer.

A pause; then footsteps advancing along what sounds like a sanded stone passage. The door opens, and a tall, plainly-dressed, powerful-looking woman, about thirty years of age, with good, but harsh and determined-looking features, stands before her.

"What do you want?" she asked, sharply, and eyeing the visitor from head to foot.

The appearance and manner of the woman almost unnerved Harriet, and her voice faltered a little as she answered, "You have a young lady here whom I wish to see."

"I am the only young lady in this house," replied the woman, with a grim smile.

"I come from the two gentlemen who were here last night," said Harriet, regaining her courage.

"What two gentlemen?"

"I doubt whether I ought to mention names," answered Harriet, artfully; "besides, those you know them by may be different."

"I dare say I know as much as you," replied the woman, who had never taken her piercing eyes off the speaker.

"I am sent here by Mr. James Armstrong," answered Harriet, boldly meeting the fierce gaze.

"What credentials have you?"

Fortunately, Harriet was prepared even for this question, which would otherwise have posed her. "Mr. Armstrong, as I dare say you have heard, is a cautious man, and, as such, does not care to have his handwriting scattered about, but he gave me this;" and she drew forth the photograph she had taken from the desk.

The woman just glanced at it. "Let me see your face. You might as well have a mask on as that veil," she said.

Harriet lifted her veil, and unflinchingly met the gaze opposed to her.

"What is your business with this person?"

"That I am not authorized to divulge."

"Then I shall not admit you," said the woman, retreating a step or two, as though about to close the door.

"If you do not you will be sorry for it," cried Harriet, quickly. The fear of defeat upon the brink of victory gave her voice a tone of authority that made the other pause.

"Come in," she cried, at length, after another penetrating scrutiny of the face before her.

The fact was, that she was half prepared for a visitor, as James Armstrong had, on the preceding night, intimated an intention of sending a female on the following day, as a kind of maid or companion for the prisoner. At present he was wholly dependent upon the Dumb Man and his creatures, and he thought it as well that he should have a representative in the house upon whose information he could depend. Had it not been for this circumstance, Harriet would have experienced far greater difficulty in gaining admittance, and it is more than probable that it would have been absolutely denied.

It was not without a tremor that she found herself shut in the dimly lit stone passage. From a door at the further end, which seemed to belong to the kitchen, peered forth a shock-headed boy of some ten years, and the sound of children's voices came from within. The woman led the way up the narrow, dark staircase on to a broad landing, upon which there were three chambers. Unlocking the door upon the right, she threw it open, and, pointing to a female figure listlessly reclining in an easy chair before the fire, said, "There she is," and, without further words, quitted the room, and closed the door behind her.

Bertha—for, as the reader will doubtless have guessed, it was she—started up, and, with much astonishment, exclaimed, "Who are you?"

Harriet had again let fall her veil, and stood gazing upon the pale, attenuated figure before her, listening, at the same time, for the retreating footsteps of the landlady.

But all was silence without; she was there, listening. Here was a difficulty she had not foreseen. It was impossible to carry on such a conversation as theirs would be in a tone so low as not to be heard by a listener without. Not answering Bertha's question, she glanced vaguely around. The place was furnished as a bed-room and sitting-room, poorly, yet comfortably; but everything, both within and without the house, had a look of dilapidation and decay. The ceiling and walls were cracked and dirty, the furniture had a worm-eaten appearance, and a mouldy, stuffy smell of dry rot pervaded the whole atmosphere.

"Who are you?" again asked Bertha, surprised at the silence and fixed gaze of her visitor.

Before Harriet could reply, a tremendous crash, followed by the screams of children, resounded through the house; she opened the door and looked out, just in time to see the form of the listener disappear down the staircase, and immediately afterwards she heard her voice loud in lamentations, mingling with the shrieks of the children. Some serious accident had evidently happened.

"What is the matter?" cried Bertha, making a movement towards the door, stirred by the impulse of humanity to offer assistance.

But Harriet closed the door again, placed her back against it, and, lifting her veil, said sternly, "Stay where you are! You ask who I am. I am James Armstrong's wife!"

"James Armstrong's wife!" repeated Bertha, in intense surprise.

"Yes; the last person in the world you would have expected to see!" answered Harriet, an evil fire burning in her eyes.

"Then he is married!" cried Bertha, not yet recovered from her surprise.

"You did not know it?" exclaimed the other, sharply. "Will you swear to that?"

"Most solemnly! Then you have come to release me—to take me away from this place?" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"To release you!" repeated Harriet, struck by a new idea.

"I implore you to take me away from this place; while I remain here I am prevented from fulfilling a dear mother's last dying prayer!"

"You came here of your own free will."

"I did not; I was brought here in a state of insensibility. I know not where I am; whether in the neighborhood of London or miles away from it."

"Who brought you here?—James Armstrong?"

"Oh, no," answered Bertha, shuddering; "not he, but another. I did not see Mr. Armstrong until last night, nor did I know, until last night, nor did I know, until then, that he was at all concerned in my abduction."

"But you have before encouraged him—thought to be his wife!"

"Encouraged him!" exclaimed Bertha, excitedly; "the very sight of him is loathsome to me! I beg your pardon—"

"Oh, do not spare him your vituperations upon my account!" said Harriet, with a bitter smile. "I am his wife no longer, save in name!"

All this time a tumult of thought had been coursing through her brain. This girl was evidently a victim—nothing more. If she could contrive her escape, what a glorious revenge it would be! There was but one way to accomplish it—one fraught with danger to herself; but what was any danger compared to the glorious satisfaction of thus thwarting his schemes? The noise and the cries of the children still continued below. In the midst of such confusion her plan was almost easy of execution.

"Quick!" she cried, taking off her cloak and bonnet, and beginning to divest herself of her dress. "You shall change clothes with me; we are much of a height, and, amidst the confusion that reigns below, if you have the nerve, you may manage to get away."

"But you?"

"I will remain in your place. But as soon as you are free, repair to the nearest police station; tell them the story of your abduction—that I am now a prisoner in your place. Mark well the road as you proceed, and if you can not clearly direct them to this house, show them the way. Remember, my life may pay the forfeit of your neglect of this!"

"I will faithfully perform all that you tell me" cried Bertha, who was already clothed in Harriet's dress.

"But that is not all," continued Harriet, putting on her the bonnet, veil and cloak. "After you have sent the police here, you must get away to the Great Western Station and take train to Windsor. Arrived there, go the Castle Hotel, hire a conveyance, and tell them to drive you to Sir William Marney's."

"Sir William Marney's!"

"You know the name? See him; tell him his niece, Harriet Cleveland, is in great danger, and ask him to come up to London at once. For an address, give him the police station, wherever it may be, at which you have given information. I will leave my address there. Here is money"—placing a five pound note in her hand—"to defray all expenses. Take it—take it. This is no time for niceties—besides, it is my business you are going on."

"But where are we? What place is this?" asked Bertha, now fully equipped in Harriet's dress, and trembling with bewilderment and excitement.

"You are in a north-eastern suburb of London. When you go out at the garden gate, turn to the right. Keep along by the bank until you come to a lane, with high garden walls on either side, at the top of which is a broad road; inquire your way to the nearest police-station. You know the rest. And now for the attempt! The disguise is excellent. If you can keep your veil down, it is impossible for the woman to detect you. This old-fashioned close bonnet entirely conceals your hair. Yes; it will do. You have only one danger—your voice. Imitate mine, if possible. If your nerve fails you, you will betray yourself to that lynx-eyed woman. Not another moment must be lost. Come!"

She opened the door, and speaking in loud, angry accents, so as to be heard below, said:

"Very well; do as you please; we shall see what Mr Armstrong says to your message. I shall return to-night, and bring him with me. Now, quick!" she added, in a whisper; "calmly and steadily; no hurry."

Bertha is out of the room. Harriet has already transferred the key from the outside to the inside of the door, and turns it with a loud clash; but immediately afterwards returns it, opens the door, and listens.

Like one in a dream, Bertha descended the dark stairs. The woman came out of the kitchen, bearing a child about four years old in her arms. It was sobbing with pain. A saucepan of boiling water had fallen upon it and scalded it fearfully.

"Are you going away again?" she asked.

Bertha mutters something in a feigned voice about returning at night. The woman had heard the words that Harriet spoke for her especial behoof, and thought the visitor's abrupt manner was due to anger at having failed in some commission she had been entrusted with.

"I suppose you found her cantankerous as usual?" she said, significantly.

Bertha muttered again something, she knew not what, and made for the door.

"Just lift the latch for yourself," said the woman; "this poor dear child has been so dreadfully scalded, that I don't want to move my hand if I can help it; and I feel that upset, that I don't know what I'm about."

Bertha fumbles at the door, unable, in her nervousness, to find out how to open it. The listener above heard the stoppage.

"Here, let me come!" said the woman, sharply hurrying down the dim passage with the child in her arms.

"All is lost," thought the listener; "when the light streams in upon her, she will penetrate the disguise. But there shall be a struggle for it now; we are two to one!" and her fingers clutch convulsively.

She saw the stream of light flash across the foot of the stairs. The door was open.

"Good morning," she heard the landlady say.

She relocked the door and rushed to the window. Bertha was hurrying down the steps; she gained the road; tottered as though she would fall; recovered herself, and hurried on until she was out of sight.

With a cry, Harriet fell upon her knees. She could no longer repress the hysteria that clutched her throat as though it would suffocate her, and burst into a passion of sobs and laughter.

But the next moment there was a loud knock at the door, and the landlady's voice was heard, saying:

"Open the door! I want to speak to you!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNVEILING OF MANY MYSTERIES.

As the hours of the day on which Andrew departed for London wore on, Sophie became painfully anxious for the promised telegram. It came about four o'clock, and ran thus:

"Have not seen anyone yet. The A.'s are at business. H. is out. Will write to-night."

There was not much satisfaction to be gained from that, and yet Sophie received a great consolation from its tone. If her sister was out, it was a proof that she was under no coercion—the one thing she feared. Indeed, so relieved was her mind, that she consented to return home with a young lady, the daughter of a

gentleman in the neighborhood, who had driven over to Marney that afternoon to see her.

"I shall remain at The Hollies to-night, uncle dear," she said, as she went away, "and return home early to-morrow morning, in time for the post."

Left to himself, Sir William retired to his favorite apartment, the library, and drawing his chair close to the fire, presently fell into a reverie.

His reverie was broken in upon, after a short time, by the entrance of a servant, who announced that a young person wished to see him.

"She would not give her name, sir," he added, "but she says that she brings a message from Mrs. James Armstrong."

"Ah! Show her in immediately," cried Sir William, thoroughly aroused by the mention of that name.

The next moment, the man conducted a female, enveloped in a long, gray cloak, and closely veiled, into the apartment.

"Pray, madam, take a seat," said Sir William, placing a chair near the fire.

She acknowledged his courtesy, but took one a little further back. Her manner was agitated and faltering.

"You bring a message from my niece, Mrs. Armstrong?" said Sir William, finding she did not speak.

"I do, sir," answered the lady, in a low, tremulous voice; "but I also bring a message from the dead."

"From the dead?" he repeated, gazing upon the speaker with a mingled expression of awe and wonder.

She drew forth a large and bulky envelope and handed it to him, at the same time raising her veil and discovering the pale, haggard features of Bertha.

At the sight of that face, the color fled from Sir William's cheeks, he grasped the mantelpiece for support, and his eyes dilated and fixed themselves upon her as though upon an apparition.

"Is it the dead returned to earth?" he asked, in an awe-struck whisper.

"Am I, then, so like my mother?" she asked, in a tone of ingenuous surprise.

"Your mother!" he repeated, awe giving way to amazement. "Of whom do you speak?"

"Had you not better read those papers, Sir William; they will explain all much better than I can," she timidly suggested.

Raising himself from his stupor, he broke open the envelope with trembling fingers, and began to take out the various papers which it contained.

The first was a letter written by Bertha's mother only two days before her death. He started upon seeing the date.

"What is the meaning of this—September the 10th, 1859! There is some imposture here," he exclaimed. "She whose name is signed here has been in her grave for many years."

"She was laid in her grave only three days ago," answered Bertha, the tears stealing down her pale cheeks.

Sir William stared at her in helpless wonder, glanced again at the letter, then, pressing his hand to his head, muttered "Am I in a dream? If this be true, how cruelly, how piteously I have been deceived." Once more he raised the letter and began to read. It ran thus:

"HUSBAND:—When this meets your eyes, my earthly sufferings will be over. What I have endured is known only to Heaven. May I find more mercy there than you have shown me. Your cruelty cost me not only my happiness, but my reason. I thought you the most tender-hearted of men; I have found you adamant. And what were those monstrous crimes for which you cast me off to starve, perish, or sin? A proud, hasty temper, an impatient spirit. But oh, it was not for this that you discarded me, it was because you had grown weary of me, and seen another, your equal in birth and fortune, whom you preferred. But I did not begin this letter with the intention of filling it with reproaches; I leave those to your conscience. To me, you can do no further harm nor good; but though your heart has been steeled against the mother, surely it will have pity upon the child—your own flesh and blood. It is for her that I appeal to you. Take her, and you will find in her a treasure that will reward you a hundredfold. Keep her near you but for an hour, and henceforth you must so love her, that never again would you consent to part with her. I do not send you a burden, but a blessing. I pardon you all the wrong I have suffered at your hands. I pray for you—bless you. Be kind to her and you will have atoned for all. Neglect her, and—— No; a dying hand should not pen imprecations. In such an event, Heaven will punish you.

"Your wife,

"FRANCES MARNEY."

The outward signs of many emotions passed across Sir William's face, as he read this epistle—doubt, amazement, grief. "But I cannot understand this," he murmured, as the paper and the hand that held it fell upon his knee in utter helplessness. "Are you her—my child?"

While he said this, a suspicion darted across his mind. *Was this a plot of Armstrong's?* He gazed fixedly, almost sternly, at Bertha, who threw herself at his feet, on her knees, and seizing his hand, met his bewildered scrutiny so calmly, so truthfully, so guilelessly, that the most mistrustful of mortals could not have doubted her. The stern look melted into one of ineffable tenderness. He could not speak. His heart seemed beating in his throat. He could only hold out his arms. But the action was so full of eloquence that Bertha was irresistibly drawn towards him, and the next moment, father and daughter were sobbing in each other's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN EXTENSIVE BUSINESS IN DOGS.—It is a fact perhaps not generally known, says the Oakland, Cal., *News*, that there is a firm doing business in San Francisco who purchase the thousands of dogs slaughtered by the pound master of that city, or that may have been otherwise killed, for which they pay forty cents each. The carcasses are conveyed to their manufactory at South San Francisco, where the skins are removed and sold to the tanneries, the hair taken off and resold to the plasterers, the hide tanned, made into gloves, and sold into the market. The denuded carcass is then thrown into a huge cauldron and boiled until the bones are easily separated from the flesh, when they are removed and sold to the sugar refineries, where they are ground to a fine powder and used to clarify the sugar. The oil that arises to the surface of the boiling mass is skimmed off and manufactured into cod-liver oil, and the remainder used for the purpose of fattening hogs.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rose lip, the lofty brow,
The hearts that beat so gayly now?
O, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea—
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come?
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PLOT UPON PLOT.

The Condor is sailing with a light breeze some points abaft the beam. Jack Stricker is at the helm; and as the sea is smooth, he finds it easy steering, having little to do but keep her steady by taking an occasional squint at the compass-card. The moon—which has just risen—shining in his face, shows it to be that of a man over fifty, with the felon in its every line and lineament. Its is beardless, pock-pitted, with thick shapeless lips, broad hanging jowls, nostrils agape, and nose flattened like the snout of a bull-dog. Eyes green, both bleary, one of them blood-shot. For all, eyes that, by his own boast, can "see into a millstone as far as the man who picks it." He has not been many minutes at his post, when he sees some one approaching from the waist of the ship; a man, whom he makes out to be first-mate.

"Comin' to con me," growls the ex-convict. "Don't want any o' his connin', not I. Jack Striker can keep a ship on her course well's him, or any other 'board o' this craft."

He is on the starboard side of the wheel, while the mate approaches along the port gangway; who, after springing up to the poop-deck, stops opposite the steersman.

"Well, Striker," he says; "not much trouble with her to-night. She's goin' free, too, with the wind in the right quarter. We ought to be makin' good nine knots?"

"All o' that, I darsay, sir," rejoins Striker, mollified by the affable manner in which the first-officer has addressed him. "The barque an't a bad un to go, though she be a queery-rigged craft as ever I war aboard on."

"You've set foot on a goodish many, I should say, judgin' from the way ye handle a helm. I see you understand steerin' a ship."

"I oughter, master," answers the helmsman, further flattered by the compliment to his professional skill. "Jack Striker's had a fair show o' schoolin' to that bizness."

"Been a man-o'-war's man, han't you?"

"Aye, all o' that! Any as doubts it can see the warrant on my back, an' welcome to do so. Plenty o' the cat's claws theer, an' I don't care who knows it."

"Neyther need ye. Many a good sailor can show the same. For myself, I han't had the cat, but I've seed man-o'-war service, an' got rough treatment, too. An' I've seed service on ships man-o'-war's men have chased—likin' that sort a little better; I do!"

"Indeed!" exclaims the ex-convict, turning his eyes with increased interest on the man thus frankly confessing himself. "Smuggler? or maybe slaver?"

"Little bit o' both. An' as you say 'bout the cat, *I* don't care a toss-up who knows it! It's been a hardish world wi' me; plenty o' ups an' downs; the downs of'uer than the ups. Just now things are lookin' sort o' uppish. I've got my berth here 'count o' the scarcity o' hands in San Francisco, an' the luck o' knowin' how to take sights, an' keep a log. Still, the pay an't much, considerin' the chances left behind. I daresay I'd 'a done a deal better by stayin' in Californey, an' goin' on to them gold diggin's up in the mountains."

"You han't been theer, han't ye?"

"No. Never went a cable's length ayont the town o' San Francisco."

"Maybe, jest as well ye didn't, Master Blew. Me an' Bill Davis tried that dodge; we went all the way to the washin's on Feather River; but found no gold, only plenty o' hard work, wi' precious little to eat, an' less in the way o' drink. Neyther o' us likin' the life, we put back for the port."

For all his frankness in confessing to the cat-o'-nine-tails on board a war ship, Striker says nothing about a rope of a different kind he and his chum Davis were very near getting around their necks on the same Feather River, and from which they escaped by a timely retreat upon San Francisco.

"Well," rejoins Blew, in a tone of resignation; "maybe I've did the wisest thing after all, in not goin' that way. I might a come back empty-handed, same as yourself an' Davis. Ye say liquor was scarce up there. That would never 'a done for me. I must have my reg'lar allowance, or— Well, no use sayin' what. As an old man-o'-war's man, you can understand me, Striker. An' as the same, I suppose you won't object to takin' a tot now?"

"Two, for that matter," promptly responds Striker, like all his kind, drouthy.

"Well, here's a drop o' rum—the best Santa Cruz. Help yourself."

Harry Blew presents a black-jack bottle to the helmsman, who, detaching one hand from the wheel, takes hold of the bottle and carries it to his lips. After keeping it there for a prolonged spell, he returns it to its owner, who, for the sake of sociability, takes a drink himself. This done, the dialogue is renewed, and progresses in even a more friendly way than before, the Santa Cruz having opened the heart of the "Sydney Duck" to a degree of familiarity; while, on his side the mate, throwing aside all reserve, lets himself down to a level with the foremastman. It ends in their establishing a confidence, mutual and complete, of that character known as "thickness between thieves." Blew first strikes the chord that puts their spirits *en rapport*, by saying:

"Ye tell me, Striker, ye've had hard times, an' some severe punishment. So's had Harry Blew. An' ye say ye don't care about that. No more says he. In that we're both o' us in the same boat. An' now we're in the same ship—you a sailor afore the mast, I first officer. But for all the difference in our rank, we can work together. An' there's a way we can both o' us do better. Do you want me to tell it ye?"

"Aye, aye; tell it. Jack Striker's ears are allus open to hear how he can better his situation in life. He's a listener."

"All right. I've observed you're a good hand at the helm. Would ye be as good to go in for a job that'll put a pile o' money in your pocket?"

"That depends. Not on what sort o' a job. I don't mean that. But what money—how much?"

"Puttin' it in gold, as much as you can carry; aye, enough to make you stagger under it."

"An' you ask if I'm good for a job like that? Werry funny questyin thet be; 'specially puttin' it to ole Jack Striker. He's good for't, wi' the gallows starin' him full in the face. Darned if he ain't!"

"Well, I thought you wouldn't be the one to be basket-faced 'bout it. It's a big thing I have on hand, an' there'll be a fortune for all who go in wi' me."

"Show Jack Striker the chance o' goin' in, an' he'll show you a man as knows no backin' out."

"Enough, shipmate. The chance is close to hand; aboard o' this ship. Below, in her cabin lockers, there's stowed somethin' like half a ton o' glitterin' gold dust. It belongs to the old Spaniard that's passenger. An' what's to hinder us to lay hands on it? If we can only get enough o' the crew to say yes, there needs be no difficulty. Them as won't 'll have to stand aside. Though, from what I see o' them, it's like they'll all cut in. Divided square round, there'll be between twenty an' thirty thousand dollars apiece. Does that tempt ye, Striker?"

"Rayther. Wi' thirty thousand dollars I'd ne'er do another stroke o' work."

"You needn't, then. You can have all o' that, by joinin' in, an' helpin' me to bring round the rest. Do you know any o' them you could sound—wi' safety I mean?"

"Two or three. One sartin; my ole chum, Bill Davis. He can be trusted wi' a secret o' throat cuttin', let alone a trifle such as you speak o'. An' now, Master Blew, since you've seed fit to confide in me, I'm agoin' to gie ye a bit o' my confidence. It's but fair atween two men as hev got to understan' one the tother. I may's well tell ye, that I knew all about the stuff in the cabin lockers. Me an' Davis war talkin' o't jist afore I come to the wheel. You an't the only as hez set theer heart on hevin' it. Them Spanish chaps hez got it all arranged arready—an' had afore they put fut 'board this heer barque. Thar's the four on 'em, as I take it, all standin' in equal; whiles the rest o' the crew war only to get so much o' a fixed sum."

"Striker, ye 'stonish me!"

"Well, I'm only tellin' ye what be true. I'm glad you're agreeable to go in wi' us; the which 'll save trouble, an' yer own life as well. For I may tell ye, master, that they'd made up thar minds to send ye to the bottom, 'long wi' the skipper an' the ole Spanyard."

"That's a nice bit of news to hear, by Jove! Well, mate, I'm thankful to ye for communicatin' it. Lor! it's lucky for me we've this night chanced to get talkin' together."

"Thar maybe luck in 't all roun'. Bill an' me 'd made up our minds to stan' out for a equal divide o' the dust—like shares to ivery man. Shud there be any dispute 'bout that bein' fair, wi' you on our side, we'll eezy settle it our way, spite o' them Spanyards. If they refuse to agree, an' it come to fightin', then Jack Striker's good for any two on 'em."

"An' Harry Blew for any other two. No fear but we can fix that. How many do you think will be with us?"

"Most all, I shud say, 'ceptin' the Spanyards themselves. It consarns the rest same 's it do us. 'Tall events, we're bound to ha' the majority."

"When do you propose we shud begin brouchin' it to them?"

"Straight away, if you say the word. I'll try some o' 'em soon 's I've went off from here. Thar be several on the watch as 'll be takin' a tot together 'fore we turns in. No time better nor now."

"True. So at them at once, Striker. But mind ye, mate; be cautious how ye talk to them, an' don't commit ayther of us too far, till you've larnt their temper. I'll meet ye on the first dog-watch to-morrow. Then you can tell me how the land's likely to lie."

"All right. I'll see to 't in the smooth way. You can trust Jack Striker for that."

"Take another pull o' the Santa Cruz. If this trip prove prosperous in the way we're plannin' it, nayther you nor me 'll need to go without the best o' liquor for the rest o' our lives."

Again Striker clutches at the proffered bottle, and holds it to his head—this time till he has drained it dry. Returned to him empty, Harry Blew tosses it overboard. Then parting from the steersman, he commences moving forward, as with the design to look after other duties. As he steps out from under the shadows of the spanker, the moon gleaming athwart his face, shows on it an expression which neither pencil nor pen could depict. Difficult indeed to interpret it. The most skilled physiognomist would be puzzled to say, whether it is the reproach of conscious guilt, or innocence driven to desperation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE.

In the Condor's forecastle. It is her second night since leaving San Francisco, and the second watch is on duty; the men of the first having come down from the deck. That on duty is Padilla's; in it Gomez, Hernandez, Velarde, and the two sailors of nationality unknown. The off-watch consists of Striker, Davis, the Frenchman who is called La Crosse, with the Dutchman and Dane. All five are in the forepeak, the chief-mate, as they suppose, having retired to his cabin.

They are waiting till those on the watch, not required for deck duty, come below. All of these have had intimation they will be wanted in the forecastle; a summons that to most of the second watch seems mysterious. They obey it, notwithstanding; and after a time the two sailors come down—the nondescripts without name, one passing under the sobriquet of "Old Tarry," the other having had bestowed upon him the equally distinctive, but less honorable appellation of "Slush."

Shortly after, the second mate, Padilla, makes his appearance, along with him, Velarde.

"Theer be two not yit among us," says Striker. "In coorse, one's at the wheel."

"Yes; Gomez is there," responds Padilla.

"Where be Hernandez?"

"I don't know. Likely, along with him."

"Don't much matter," puts in Davis. "I daresay we can settle the thing without either. You begin, Jack, and tell Mr. Padilla and the rest what we've been talking about."

"'Twon't take a very long time to tell it," responds Striker. "Theer be no greet need for wastin' words. All I've got to say are, that the *swag in this ship shud be eekilly divided.*"

Padilla starts, Velarde doing the same. "What do you mean?" asks the former, putting on an air of surprised innocence.

"I means what I've sayed—that the swag shud be eekilly divided."

"And yet I don't understand you."

"Yis, ye do. Come, master mate, 'taint no use shammin' ignorance—not wi' Jack Striker, 't all events. He be too old a bird to get cheated wi' chaff. If ye want to throw dust into my eyes it must be o' the sort that's stowed aft in the cabin. Now, d'ye understan' me?"

Padilla looks grave, so does Velarde. Old Tarry and Slush show no sign of feeling; both being already apprised of the demand Striker intended to make, and having given their promise to back it.

"Well," said the second mate, "you appear to be talking of some gold-dust. And, I suppose, you know all about it?"

"That we do," responds Striker.

"Well, what then?" asks Padilla.

"Only what I've sayed," rejoins the Sydney Duck. "If you weesh, I can say it over 'gain. That theer yellow grit shud be measured out to crew the o' this craft share an' share alike, even hands all roun' without respectin' o' persons. An' it shell be so deevided—shell, an' must!"

"Yes!" endorses Davis, with like emphatic affirmation. "It shall, and it must!"

"*Pe gar*, must it!" adds the Frenchman; followed in the same strain by Stronsen the Dane, and Van Houten the Dutchman, chorused by Tarry and Slush.

"It an't no use your stannin' out, masters," continues Striker, addressing himself to Padilla and Velarde. "Ye see the majority's agin ye; an' in all cases o' the kind wheresemever I've seed 'em, the majority means the right."

"Certainly it means that," echo the others, all save Padilla and Velarde, who remain silent and scowling.

"Yis," continues Striker, "an' theer be one who an't present among us, as oughter to have his share, too."

"Whom are you speaking off?" demands Padilla.

"I needn't tell ye," responds Striker. "If I an't mistook, that's him comin' down, an' he can speak for hisself."

At the words, a footstep is heard upon the forecastle stair. A pair of legs is seen descending; after them a body—the body of Harry Blew!

Padilla looks scared, Velarde the same. Both fancy their conspiracy discovered, their scheme blown; and that Striker with all that talk has been only misleading them. They are undeceived on hearing what the mate has to say. Striker elicits it, by repeating the conversation that has passed.

Thus Harry Blew gives rejoinder:

"I'm with ye, shipmates, to the end, be that sweet or bitter. Striker talks straight, an' his seems the only fair way of settlin' the question. The majority must decide. There's two not here, an' they've got to be consulted. They're both at the wheel. Therefore, let's all go aft, an' talk the thing there. There's no fear for our bein' interrupted. The skipper's asleep, an' we've got the ship to ourselves."

So saying, Blew leads up the ladder, the rest starting from their seats, and crowding after.

Once on deck, they cluster around the forehatch, and there stop; the first mate having something to say before going aft. The second does not take part in this conference; but stealing past unseen, glides on towards the after part of the ship. Soon the others proceed in the same direction in a straggled string, which again contracts into a knot as they reach the open quarter-deck, by the capstan, there again stopping. And there, the moonlight falling full upon their faces, betrays the expression of men in mutiny; but mutiny unopposed. On the quarter-deck no one questions them. For the traitorous first-officer has spoken truly: the captain is asleep; they have the ship to themselves!

It is Gomez who is at the wheel, his "trick" having commenced at the changing of watches. He is not alone, but with Hernandez beside him. Neither is yet aware of the strike that has taken place; though during the day they have heard some whisperings, and are half expecting trouble with their subordinates.

The theme which engages them is altogether different—beauty, not booty, being the subject of their discourse, which is carried on in a low tone. It is Hernandez who first introduces it, asking:

"About the girls? What are we to do with them after getting ashore?"

"Marry them, of course," promptly answers the other. "That's what I mean doing with the beautiful Dona Carmen. Don't you intend the same with Inez?"

"Of course; if I can."

"Can! There need be no difficulty about it, *camarado*."

"I hope not; though I think there will, and a good deal. There's certain to be some."

"In what way?"

"Suppose they don't give their consent?"

"A fig for their consent! They must consent! Don't be letting that scare you. Whether they're agreeable or not, we'll have a marriage ceremony, or the form of one—all the same. I can fix that, or I'm much mistaken about the place we're going to, and the sort of men we shall meet. If the Padre Pedierna be yet alive, he'll marry me to Carmen Montijo without asking *her* any questions, or, if he's under ground, I've got another string to my bow, in the young *cura*, young Gonzaga, who, in my time, had charge of souls in a *pueblita*, nearer the place where I hope we shall be able to make shore. And should neither of these my old acquaintances turn up, there are no end of others who will be willing to tie the knot that's to make you happy for life."

"*Mira!* what's up yonder?"

The interrogatory comes from his observing a group of men assembled on the foredeck, alongside the hatch. The sky cloudless, with a full moon overhead, shows it to be composed of nearly, if not all the crew. The light also displays them in earnest gesticulation, while their voices, borne aft, tell of some subject seriously debated.

What can it be? The men of the first watch, long since relieved, should be asleep in their bunks. Why are they now on deck? This, of itself, surprises the two at the wheel, and while engaged in mutual interrogation, they perceive the second mate coming aft, as also, that he makes approach in a hurried yet stealthy manner.

"What's up?" asks Gomez.

"Trouble," answers Padilla. "A mutiny among the men we engaged to assist us."

"On what grounds?"

"They've got to know all about the gold-dust—even the exact quantity there is of it."

"Indeed! And what's their demand?"

"That we shall share it with them. They say they'll have it so."

"The deuce they do!"

"The old *ladrons*, Striker, began it. But what will astonish you still more—the first mate knows all our plans, and 's agreed to go along with us. He's at the head of the mutineers, and insisting on the same thing. They swear if we don't divide equally, the strongest will take what they can. I've stolen aft, to ask you what we'd best do."

"They're determined, are they?"

"To the death—they say so."

"In that case," mutters Gomez, after a moment or two spent in reflection, "I suppose we'll have to yield to their demands. I see no help for it. Go back, Padilla, and say something to pacify them. *Maldita!* this is an unexpected difficulty—ugly as sin."

Padilla is about to return to his discontented shipmates on the forward deck, but is saved the journey, seeing them come aft. Nor do they hesitate to invade the sacred precincts of the quarter, for they have no fear of being forbidden. Soon they climb up to the poop-deck and cluster around the wheel; the whole Condor's crew now present—mates as men—all save the captain and cook. And all take part in the colloquy that succeeds, either by speech or gestures.

The debate is short, and the question in dispute soon decided. Harry Blew, backed by the ex-convicts, talks with determination, confirming it with emphatic exclamations. The others, with interests identical, stand by the two chief speakers, backing them up with words and cries of encouragement.

"Shipmates," says the first officer, "this gold we're all after should be equally partitioned between us."

"Must be," adds Striker, with an oath. "Share an' share alike. It's the only fair way. An' the only one we'll gie in to."

"Stick to that, Striker!" cries Davis. "We'll stand by ye."

"Pe gar; certainement," endorses the Frenchman. "Vat for no? Sacre bleu! so vill. I am for *les droits de matelot—le vrai democratique.* Vive le fair play."

Dane and Dutchman, with Tarry and Slush, speak in the same strain. The scene is short, as violent. The Spaniards, perceiving themselves in a minority, and a position that threatens unpleasant consequences, give way, and consent to an equal distribution of the anticipated spoil. After which, the men belonging to the off-watch retire to the forecastle, and there betake themselves to their bunks, while the others scatter about the ship.

Gil Gomez remains at the wheel, his trick not yet being over; Hernandez beside him. For a time, the two are silent, their brows shadowed with gloom. It is not pleasant to lose some fifty thousand dollars apiece, and this they have as good as lost within the last ten minutes. Still there is a reflection to soothe them—they can think of other bright skies ahead.

Gomez first returning to speak of them, says:

"Never mind, *amigo*. There will be money enough to serve our present purposes all the same. And for the future, we can both build on a good, sure foundation."

"On what?"

"On our 'Castles in Spain!'"

CHAPTER XL.

"LAND HO!"

The voyage Carmen Montijo and Inez Alvarez are now making is not their first. Both have been at sea before—in the passage out from Spain. But in Carmen's case, that was long years ago; while Inez' absence from it has been too short to exempt her from the *mal de mer*, and both of them alike suffer from it. Stricken down by it, they are for several days confined to the cabin—most of the time to their state-room.

In their affliction, they have not been so badly attended. The old negro cook, acting also as steward, comes up to the occasion, for he has a tender heart under his rough sable skin, and waits upon them with delicate assiduity. And Captain Lantanas is equally assiduous in his attentions, placing most of his time at their disposal. In due course they recover, and after, a day or two, waiting for fine weather, venture upon deck.

During their sojourn below, they have had no communication with anyone save Don Gregorio, who has been, like themselves, invalided; of course, also the captain and cook, but not any of the officers or sailors of the ship. Indeed, on these they have never set eyes, excepting on that day when they sailed out through the Golden Gate.

And now they wish to see Harry Blew and speak with him, but cannot. Whatever the reason, they have been a long time upon deck without finding an opportunity to communicate with him, and they wait for it with irksome impatience. At length, however, it seems to have arrived. He is in the waist with several of the sailors around him, occupied about one of the boats there, slung upon its davits. While regarding him and his movements, they cannot avoid observing those beside him, nor help being struck by them. Not so much their movements, as their features and the expression there exhibited. On no one of them is it pleasant, but on the contrary, scowling and savage.

Just then, Harry, separating from the sailors, is seen coming aft. It is in obedience to a message which the black cook has brought up out of the cabin—an order from Captain Lantanas, for his first officer to meet him on the quarter-deck and assist him in taking the sun. But the skipper himself has not come up yet, and on reaching the quarter, the ex-man-o'-war's man, for the first time since he shipped on the Chilian craft, finds himself alone in the presence of the ladies. They salute him with an *empressement* which, to their surprise, is but coldly returned—only a slight bow—after which he appears to busy himself with the log-slate, lying on the capstan-head. One closely scrutinising him, however, would see that this is pretence, for his eyes are not on the slate, but furtively turned towards the ship's waist, watching the men from whom he has just parted, and who seem to have their eyes upon him.

The young ladies thus repulsed, almost rudely, as they take it, make no further attempt to bring on a conversation; but forsaking their seats, retire down the companion-stairs, keeping on to their own state-room, there to talk over a disappointment that has given chagrin to both, but which neither can satisfactorily explain.

They are hurt by it, stung to the quick, and never again during that voyage do they attempt entering into conversation with the first-officer of the Condor; only on rare occasions showing themselves on deck; as if they disliked looking upon him who too vividly reminds them of the treason of their lovers.

And thus the time somewhat tediously passes, till they hear two other words of cheerful import:

"*Land Ho!*"

The cry comes from one of the sailors stationed on the fore-topmast cross trees of the Condor. Since sunrise a lookout has been kept as the hands could be spared. It is now near noon, and land has just been sighted.

Captain Lantanas is not quite certain of what land it is. He knows it as the Veraguan coast, but does not recognise the particular place. Noon coming on with an unclouded sky, enables him to catch the sun in its meridian altitude, and so make him sure of a good sight. And as the Chilian skipper is a good observer, having confidence in the observations he has made, the land sighted should be the island of Coiba, or an inlet that covers it, called Hicaron. Both are off the coast of Veragua, westward from Panama Bay, and about a hundred miles from its mouth. Into this the Condor is seeking to make entrance.

Having ciphered out his noon reckoning, the skipper enters it in his log: "Lat. 7° 20′ N. Long 82° 12′ W. Wind W.S.W. Light Breeze." While penning these slight memoranda, little does he dream of what significance they may one day become. The night before, while taking an observation of the stars, could he have read them astrologically, he might have discovered many a chance against his ever making another entry in that log-book.

A wind west sou'-west is favorable for entering the Bay of Panama. A ship steering around Cabo Mala, once she has weathered this much dreaded headland, will have it on her starboard quarter. But the Condor, coming down from north, gets it nearly abeam, and her captain, perceiving he has run a little too much coastwise, cries out to the man at the wheel:

"Hard a-starboard! Put the helm down! Keep well off the land!"

Saying this, he lights a cigarrito, for a minute or two amuses himself with the monkeys, always playful at meeting him, then ascending to the poop-deck, he enters into conversation with company more refined—his lady-passengers.

The sight of *terra firma*, with the thought of soon setting foot on it, makes all joyous, and Captain Lantanas adds to their exhilaration by assuring them that in less than twenty-four hours he will enter the Bay of Panama, and in twenty-four after, bring his barque alongside the wharf of that ancient port, so oft pillaged by *filibusteros*.

After staying an hour or so on deck, indulging in cheerful conversation and pleasant anticipations, the tropic sun becoming too sultry for comfort, one and all retire to the cabin for shade, and to take a *siesta*—the last being a habit of all Spanish-Americans. The Chilian skipper is also accustomed to have his afternoon nap. There is no need for his remaining longer on deck. He has determined his latitude, figured up his dead reckoning, and set the Condor on her course. Sailing on a sea without icebergs or other dangerous obstructions, he can go to sleep without any anxiety on his mind. But before lying down, he summons the cook, and gives orders for a dinner, to be dressed in the very best style the ship's stores can furnish—this in celebration of the event of their having sighted land.

For a time the Condor's decks appear deserted; no one seen, save the helmsman at the wheel, and the second mate standing by his side. The sailors not on duty have betaken themselves to the forecastle, or are lolling in their bunks, while those of the working-watch, with no work to do, have sought shady quarters, to escape from the sun's heat, now excessive, for the wind has been gradually dying away, and is now so light, that the vessel scarce makes steerageway.

Odd, though, the direction in which the breeze is now striking her. It is upon the starboard quarter, instead of the beam, as it should be, and as Captain Lantanas left it on going below. Since then the wind has not shifted even a single point. Therefore the Condor must have changed her course! Beyond doubt has she done this, the man at the wheel having put the helm up, instead of down, causing her to draw closer to the land, in direct contradiction to the orders of her captain!

Is it ignorance on the steersman's part? No; it cannot be. Gil Gomez is at the helm, and, being a tolerable seaman, should know how to handle it. Besides, Padilla is standing by, and the second mate, whatever his moral qualities, is quite equal to the "conning" of a ship. He cannot fail to observe that the barque is running too much inshore. Why has he not obeyed the orders left by the captain?

The words passing between the two tell why.

"You know all about the coast in there?" queries Padilla, pointing to land looming up on the port side.

"Every inch of it—at least sufficient to make sure of a place where we can put in. That headland rising the port bow is Punta Marieta. We must stand well in, taking care not to round it before evening. If we did, and the breeze should blow off shore, which it will, we'd have trouble to make back. Therefore we must hug close, and keep under shel-

ter of the land. With this light wind we won't make much way before nightfall. Then, in the darkness, when they are below at dinner, we can put about and run along till we sight a likely landing-place."

"So far as being looked after by Lantanas, we need have no fear. To-day the cabin dinner is to be a grand spread. I overheard his orders to that effect. He intends making things pleasant for his passengers before parting with them. As a matter of course he'll keep all night below, and get fuddled to boot, which may spare us some trouble. It looks like luck, doesn't it?"

"Not much matter about that," rejoins Gomez; "it 'll have to end all the same—only, as you say, the skipper below will make it a little easier, and save some unpleasantness in the way of blood spilling. After dinner the senoritas are sure to come on deck. They've done so every night, and I hope they won't make this one an exception. If Don Gregorio and the skipper should stay below——"

The dialogue is interrupted by the striking of bells, to summon the second dog watch on duty. Soon as the change is effected, Harry Blow takes charge, Striker relieving Gomez at the wheel. Just at this instant the head of Captain Lantanas shows above the coaming of the companion stair. Gomez, seeing him, darts back to the wheel, gives a strong pull at the spokes, Striker assisting him, so as to bring the barque's head up, and the wind upon her beam.

"Good heavens!" exclaims the skipper, angrily, rushing up the companion stair, and out to the rail.

What sees he there to evoke such an exclamation? A high promontory, almost abutting against the bows of his ship! At a glance he identifies it as Punta Marieta, for he knows the headland well, but also knows it should not be on the bow, had his instructions to the steersman been attended to.

"*Que cosa?*" he cries, in a bewildered way, rubbing his eyes to make sure they are not deceiving him, then interrogating: "What does this mean, sir? You have been keeping too close inshore, the very contrary to what I commanded. Helm down, hard!"

He at the wheel obeys, bringing the barque as close to the wind as she can bear. Then the skipper, turning angrily upon him, demands to know why his first instructions have not been carried out.

The ex-convict excuses himself, saying that he had just commenced his "trick," and knows nothing of what has been done before; he is keeping the Condor on the same course she was in when he took her from the last steersman.

The puzzled skipper again rubs his eyes, and takes a fresh look at the coast line. He is as much mystified as ever. Still, the mistake may have been his own, and as he can perceive there will be no difficulty in yet clearing the point, his anger cools down.

Soon the Condor, hauled close to the wind, regains her lost weatherway, sufficient for the doubling of Punta Marieta, and before the last bells of the second dog watch are sounded, she is in a fair course for rounding the cape. The difficulty has been removed by the wind veering suddenly round to the opposite point of the compass, for it is now near night, and the land breeze has commenced blowing off shore. Well acquainted with the coast, and noticing the change of wind, Captain Lantanas knows all danger is past, and with the tranquility of his temper restored, he goes back into his cabin to join his passengers at dinner, which is just in the act of being served.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STEEP STORIES.

A late German newspaper related the following anecdote: In an imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned to be beheaded who had a singular itching to play at nine-pins. While his sentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then, he said, he would submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When he arrived at the solemn spot, he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl being ready. He played with no little earnestness. But the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving it was the bowl which he had grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed: "Well, I have won the game!"

This reminds us of a story which has been told in proof of the amazing dexterity of the German executioners in cutting off heads with the sabre. A culprit being bound and prepared for the blow, and not feeling it when it came, coolly asked the man what hindered him, since the signal had been duly given. "Shake yourself!" said the executioner. And, on the criminal doing so, his head, which had been severed but not displaced, tumbled on the scaffold.

LOST WOMEN.—We commend the following thoughts to the public: "Has it ever occurred to you what a commentary upon our civilization are these lost women, and the attitude of society towards them? A little child strays from her home enclosure, and the whole community is on the alert to find the wanderer and restore it to its mother's arms. What rejoicing when it is found, what tearful sympathy, what heartiness of congratulations. There are no harsh comments upon tired feet, be they ever so miry. No reprimand for the soiled and torn garments. No lack of kisses for the tear-stained face. But let the child be grown into womanhood; let her be led from it by the scourge of want; what happens? Do Christian men and women go in quest of her? Do they provide all possible help for her return, or if she return of her own notion, do they receive her with such kindness and delicacy as to secure her against wandering? Far from it. At the first step she is denounced as lost—lost! Echo, friends and relatives—we disown you; don't ever come to disgrace us. Lost, says society, indifferently. How bad these girls are. And lost—irretrievably lost—is the prompt verdict of conventional morality, while one and all unite in bolting every door between her and respectability. Ah! will not those lost ones be required at our hands hereafter."

THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

AN ACTOR'S STORY.

BY W. W. PENN.

The Union Theatre was a prosperous establishment at the time, now many years ago, when I was a member of its company, and when the tragic event occurred, in which I was most unwittingly concerned. By the aid of a strong *corps dramatique*, backed up by occasional stars, the business for several seasons was maintained in a flourishing condition.

Our manager was also our stage-manager, and in these capacities was more successful than in that of an actor, in which vocation he, nevertheless, labored. He was always very civil to me, indeed he was always very civil to everybody, and we got on capitally together. It may, therefore, seem unreasonable to say that I never liked him, but such, notwithstanding, was the case. Despite his general popularity with his company, arising chiefly, I believe, from the punctuality which he observed in all his payments, I fancied I saw a sinister expression in his eye, and a suppressed tone of savagery in his manner when ruffled, which betrayed a nature unsafe to rouse to enmity, and capable of nourishing the direst feeling of revenge. I believe my suspicions were finally verified; Heaven forgive me if I wrong him! but the circumstances which eventually led to the termination of my career as an actor, will, for ever in my mind, go far to justify the prejudice with which he inspired me, for they gave birth to a conviction, which I have never been able to overcome, and right or wrong, I shall see in it to the end of my days the reason why, as with the instinct of a dumb animal, I disliked him from the first moment we met.

Julia Halworth was our leading young lady, a clever, graceful novice, who was struggling hard to maintain her widowed mother and three younger sisters, and, if possible, to avoid bringing the latter into a profession with the drawbacks to which she was well acquainted. Nevertheless, her task was not easy, her salary was small, and she had the greatest difficulty in eking out her resources. It is not wonderful, therefore, that she was, by degrees, induced to listen to the avowals of devotion made to her by Mr. Caugar, our manager. He was old enough to be her father, but he was in a position to place her as his wife in comparative comfort, for unlike most men in his capacity, he had been very careful, and was supposed to be well off. I could see that much maternal pressure was used to induce Miss Halworth to recognize the advantages of a home such as Caugar could give her, but I could also see, that if she did so, it would be at a great personal sacrifice, for not only did she seem to share my own innate repugnance to the man, increased probably on her part by the disparity of their years, but I strongly suspected there was a prior attachment. Of this indeed, I was eventually convinced, and although I never knew precisely what had passed, the prologue to my tragedy had shaped itself briefly into something of this kind.

She had been induced to take up the noble art of acting by watching the successful career of a young fellow named Bernal Rutherstone, whom she had known from childhood, and whose efforts for his family were akin to those she was making for her own. His progress had been very carefully noted, step by step, by Julia Halworth, and, added to her own natural love for the art, had inspired her with a determination to devote herself to the stage with the hope of winning equal renown. I imagined—nay, I was sure—there had been on her side some deeper feelings involved; but probably with him it had been only a boy and girl flirtation, which had died away, leaving no mark, for they had not met for several years, and I know they did not correspond. Nevertheless he was the hero of her life; *his* doings, *his* successes, formed the one theme on which she was never tired of expatiating.

When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. Rutherstone was coming to play an engagement at our theatre, bringing with him a new play in which he had met with tremendous success Miss Halworth did not hesitate to express her joy at the prospect of meeting her old friend, and of being able at last not only to see him act, but to act with him. This juncture of affairs happened just at the time she was weighing in her mind the answer she was to give to our manager's proposals, and it was then that the doubt and perplexity with which she viewed them came under my notice. On the one hand she saw herself bound to a man to whom she had an antipathy, but who would immediately relieve her from the anxiety which the care of her mother and sisters entailed upon her (for Caugar had not failed to avail himself of the strong argument which her affection for her family placed in his hands); and, on the other, freedom, not only to pursue her art with the hope of achieving a great reputation, but to indulge in the dream that it might not always be upon the stage alone that she would have to play the heroine of a domestic drama, with Bernal Rutherstone for its hero.

At the appointed time Bernal Rutherstone arrived, and rehearsals of a new play in five acts, called "The Duel to the Death," were immediately entered on. It is unnecessary for my purpose to refer to anything but the one great scene, the sensation as it would now be called, of the piece. It is the story that grows out of the story of the drama that I am concerned with—the real tragedy evolved by the mimic one.

The plot was long and gloomy, culminating in the situation from which the play took its name, in which the hero is shot at the very moment his mistress, too late to avert the fatal bullet, rushes forward and falls across her lover's lifeless form. Upon this climax to the fourth act the act-drop descends. The great success of the drama depended upon the reality and care with which this scene was rendered, and an immensity of time and pains was therefore spent at our theatre in order to do it equal justice. The whole extent of the stage was occupied by an elaborate "set," representing a secluded glen.

Principals and seconds arrive, certain pacific overtures are made by the blameless combatant, one Mark Mayburn, and rejected by the villain Houndsfoot, who is the cause of the contest. Not only does he refuse to listen to them, but insists that it shall be indeed "a duel to the death!" So it is settled that lots are to be drawn for the first shot, which is to be at twelve paces: this falls to Houndsfoot; in the event of his missing, he, who is fired at (Mayburn), then steps forward one pace, and delivers his fire. If this, in its turn, be unsuccessful, the duellist who had fired first then steps in another pace and delivers his second shot. Thus gradually reducing the distance, and alternately firing, the chances are supposed to be equalized, and the two enemies brought closer and closer.

Cool and bloodthirsty deliberation marks the conduct of both. Three shots have been delivered on either side, but only two have taken effect. One has slightly wounded Houndsfoot; and the other, fired by himself, has knocked the pistol from his antagonist's hand. A great point was to be made of this incident, and of the renewed efforts of the seconds to bring about a peaceful arrangement. The blood of both principals however is too much aroused, and Mark Mayburn now equally insisting on its being a "duel to the death," pistols are reloaded, ground is again taken up, and in horrible proximity to each other the duellists prepare for their last encounter. The word is given, in another minute all is over, and Mayburn, with a bullet through his heart, falls to the ground just as the luckless heroine enters, as I have described.

It was my fate to be cast for the part of Houndsfoot, while, of course, Mr. Rutherstone played that of Mark. We had never met before, but soon understood each other, and I willingly fell into his few little caprices about the "business" of our scenes together. We went through the duel over and over again, according to the stage directions, carefully arranging our relative positions, and so disposing everything as to bring out the points of the incidents and the dialogue with the utmost dramatic effect. I need not go into these in detail; the final one, to which everything gradually worked up, is sufficient. We started from the opposite corners of the stage, so as to give the greatest appearance of space; thus the fatal shot was fired in the most conspicuous part of the boards.

At the first rehearsals we, of course, only snapped our pistols at each other, and our seconds merely went through the motions and time of reloading the pair with which we were both supplied; but as it was necessary at last to carry out actually what was to be done at night, we went through the firing, and much powder was burned and noise created ere Rutherstone expressed himself contented with the way in which the business went, and the scene was acted. At first, in firing at him, especially when we came to close quarters, I used to point the pistol well over his head, according to the usual practices in such cases, for the sake of safety, but so determined was he to carry out the reality of the effect, that he insisted on my aiming straight at him. "Depress your muzzle a little, so as to clear my face," said he, "and no wadding or flame can hurt me. The effect is absurd to see the pistol fired clean over me."

This, therefore, I did, though somewhat reluctantly, for it is a nasty feeling, that of deliberately taking aim at a man, even though you may know that the charge is harmless. However, over and over again we repeated the scene—three shots each, the intermediate business, then my fourth—which was the fatal one — Mark's fall, the girl's entrance, and the tableau. Now, in this same fall Rutherstone used to make, in my humble judgment, a great mistake, and I ventured to tell him so. I said that a man shot in that way would assuredly fall forwards, and not backwards, as he did, and that all those with whom I had ever conversed who had seen a man killed by a bullet told me that the dead on a battle-field were nearly always found face downwards, which fact had given rise to the expression, "biting the dust." He disputed the statement, and adhered to the one only little bit of conventionality in his performance.

So he persisted in his "own business," as we technically called it. The moment I had fired he took one step towards me, raised his arms, and fell flat on his back with a heavy thud. It is true that by the disposition of the characters on the stage this gave a capital opportunity for the heroine to throw herself across his body, and the arrangement was picturesque enough, but to my mind it spoiled his otherwise truthful interpretation of the part. He was not a conventional actor, but this bit of acting was so in the extreme.

For over a week the piece was in rehearsal, during which time I could not fail to notice the close intimacy which sprung up, or, more properly speaking, was renewed between Julia Halworth and Rutherstone. In a thousand little ways incidental to the actor's art, I saw that something besides the merely inevitable familiarity consequent on playing together had arisen between them, and I likewise saw that this had started into life all the latent fury with which I had credited Caugar, in spite of his bland manners, smooth smile, and soft voice. There was a desperate struggle going on within him; at times it cost him his utmost strength to control himself. Jealousy — deep, revengeful jealousy—had taken possession of him, a jealousy which could have sprung only from a sincerer love for the girl than I had supposed him capable of, but it was only in this item of his disposition that I had wronged him; in all else he bore out, to my keen eyes, my original idea of his nature. In his capacity of stage manager he was, of course, present at the rehearsals, and, in addition to this, he played the part of one of my seconds in the duel, thus being continually brought into contact with every one concerned in the scene.

It was on these occasions that I noted especially what was uppermost in his mind. Once I chanced upon him talking with Miss Halworth as I passed down to the wing to go on. She had evidently just given him her ultimatum.

"This, then, is your answer," I heard him mutter between his teeth, and almost losing, in his ill-suppressed rage, the soft, urbane tone of his usual voice. "For this I have been kept in miserable suspense for weeks. I little thought when I came to terms with Rutherstone that I was wrecking my chance of domestic happiness for the sake of professional renown. Confound him!" he continued, in a still lower voice, as he turned away; "he shall not wear her; though he has won her, she shall never be his wife; I'll put an end to his engagement first, by some means."

Julia half followed him to the wing, and said hesitatingly, "I must be candid; I told you I did not think I could ever like you, and now Bernal is here, I know it; our old feeling has——"

"Spare me that reference," interposed Caugar; "this is no time for such a discussion. You shall repent your conduct, be sure. You are called, Miss Halworth;" and she had to go down to her entrance, and await her cue.

"Did he threaten her?" I thought. "What would his savage nature lead him to do? Anything," I said to myself, as I observed the diabolical expression which overspread his face.

Our last rehearsal had been gone through to the satisfaction of everybody. I had made a final appeal to Rutherstone respecting his fall, but, with the greatest good temper, he told me to mind my own business and be sure not to fire the pistol over his head, as I had still always a tendency and inclination to do.

The evening came: the house was crowded. The first three acts had gone splendidly; everybody was delighted, and the act-drop rose on the beautifully managed scene in which the duel was to take place. There could be no doubt that, if this could be carried out in the realistic manner in which everything else had been done, success was certain. Carried out in a realistic manner? God help me! Who could have foretold the reality of what was to follow? Who? Well, there was one person, I shall ever believe, who could have done so. But I must not anticipate.

At length, the action had reached the fatal moment. As we crept closer and closer together, the three unsuccessful shots on either side had been delivered amidst breathless expectation on the part of the audience; the pistol had been knocked from Mayburn's hand, the pacific efforts of the seconds rejected, and the hush of anxiety—the suppressed terror and emotion so palpable in a large assembly when its interest is thoroughly aroused and absorbed—was at its height.

A great deal of business was made of the reloading for the next encounter, my seconds drawing aside, as also did Mayburn's, for the purpose. Then the weapons were once more handed to us with great ceremony, and we were once more face to face; as the dialogue expressed it, "at such close quarters as could scarcely fail to bring about a fatal issue."

It was, of course, again my turn to fire first. I took the pistol from Caugar's hand. Would that mine, at that moment, had been paralyzed forever.

Amidst the breathless expectations of the audience, I raised my arm. By a nod Rutherstone renewed his caution against my habit of firing too high, and when the word was given, determining that he should have no complaint against me, I, levelling the muzzle straight at his breast, pulled the trigger. The report, so much louder than usual, and the sharper recoil of the pistol, in themselves, during that brief second of time, alarmed me, and as I saw Rutherstone, instead of stepping towards me and falling back, as I have described he did at rehearsal, spring high into the air, and then fall forward on his face, at my feet, I knew instinctively what had happened. Not so, however, Julia Halworth, who, waiting for her cue at the wing, rushed in, and like a clever and ready actress, adapted her movements to the changed position of her lover's body. Not so, either, the audience, who thundered its applause at the startling effect of the scene, as the act-drop descended.

* * * * * *

Little, indeed, did the spectators conceive the reality of what they had witnessed; little, indeed, did they conceive that they had beheld a veritable duel to the death, and least of all could they imagine what a frightful tragedy was passing on the other side of that curtain before which the multitude, now released from the tension in which it had been held by the performance, was beginning to laugh and talk, after its habitual fashion at the play. For some minutes, the actual condition of affairs was not even realized behind the scenes. With the exception of myself and one other actor on the stage, nobody believed but what Rutherstone, still to quote the technical phrase, had altered his "business" on the spur of the moment.

But when Julia had been helped to her feet, and *he* still made no effort to move, a panic seized those who stood near—a panic which increased to a fearful terror, as a thin line of blood began slowly to flow across the boards from beneath his body.

They raised him. He was dead. Already the expression of agony on his face was becoming settled and rigid, and there, upon the very spot where, a few minutes before, he had been going through the mimic show of preparing for his fate—he had met it, and by my hand. But how? What had chanced? As if by magic, a surgeon was by his side, laying bare his breast, and in a moment; the mystery was solved. The ramrod had been left in the pistol, and had gone straight into his heart.

* * * * * *

Hours passed before poor Julia could be made to realize this discovery; but no sooner had we there upon the stage made it, than to add to the horror of the situation, a call was raised for the actor in the front of the house, and the band simultaneously struck up the *entr' acte* music.

It was a dreadful moment—too dreadful longer to dwell on. The explanation was simple, and it flowed easily enough from the glib tongue of our smooth-spoken manager. Could he ever hold up his head again? Could he ever forgive himself for his carelessness? From my observation of him subsequently, he did both. But he said—and this, perhaps, was not altogether untrue—that the event had cast a dreadful shadow over the rest of his life; it certainly has over mine. At any rate, as my second, in reloading the pistol for the last time, he pleaded that he must, by accident, in the nervousness and excitement of a first night, have forgotten to remove the ramrod. Nothing more could be urged, but it had the effect of making *me* forswear the player's art. I never could go through the mockery of pretence again.

The barrier to Caugar's alliance with Miss Halworth was removed, but need I say that she never gave her hand to *him?*

THE great Guikwar of Baroda was supposed to have the most magnificent coat ever made in India, valued at six lakhs of rupees, or $375,000, which he sent as an offering to the shrine of the Prophet, at Mecca. But this one is about to be eclipsed by one lately made for the Maharajah of Puttiala, which, a correspondent of the Delhi *Gazette* tells us, is valued at fifteen lakhs, ($675,000), set with precious stones, and fringed about the collar, cuffs, and front with large pearls. The coat will be worn at the durbar of the Prince of Wales.

SEVENTY YEARS OF PROGRESS.

London *Fun* thus cleverly ridicules the present condition of the British navy, which was wont to "rule the wave." Early one bright September morning, in the year 1875, the blind crossing-sweeper in front of the Admiralty was astonished to see an elderly gentleman in eccentric naval attire hobbling toward the principal entrance. Something in the old fellow's appearance piqued the sweeper's curiosity. A cocked hat was stuck resolutely upon his head and a pig-tail adorned his back, but his features and his dress were so begrimed with soot and dirt that it was impossible to make them out. And yet the general outline was familiar to the gentleman of the broom, who, prompted by a sudden idea, glanced hastily in the direction of the Nelson column.

Its summit was tenantless!

Half an hour after the discovery by the police of a crossing-sweeper in a state of jabbering idiocy, the naval gentleman was seated in the principal room of the Admiralty.

A wash and brush-up for two pence had considerably improved his appearance, and he was chatting affably with the junior lord who happened to be in when the distinguished visitor was announced. Having explained that vague rumors had from time to time come up the column to him as to the marvelous improvements which science had effected in naval matters since his death, he confessed that a natural curiosity had compelled him to come down and see things for himself.

"Where could I see one of your splendid vessels now?" he asked, abruptly.

The junior lord hem'd officially, and ah'd nautically, and handed his visitor a list of ships to choose from.

Junior Lord—"We shall be happy to show you any of these, as distance is no object to you."

Visitor—"No object at all," looking down the list. "Well suppose we say the Captain."

J. L. (stammering)—"Dear me, I must have given you an old list!"

Visitor—"I suppose she's in existence still?"

J. L.—"Oh, yes; but unfortunately, she's at the bottom of the sea."

Visitor (frowning)—"That is very dreadful. Is this the new list? Thank you. Ah! here's a ship now. The Vanguard."

J. L. (red in the face)—"You're unfortunate in your selection again."

Visitor—"She isn't at the bottom of the sea, surely?"

J. L. (recovering official dignity)—"I regret to say that she is."

Visitor (with sundry ancient nautical exclamations)—"Odd—very! Well, we'll have another try. Let me see the Dryad."

J. L.—"Well, I'd rather you picked another vessel. Her boilers have just burst and killed several hands, and I should like you to see our men-of-war at their best. Try again."

Visitor (rising)—"No, I thank you; I'm perfectly satisfied. Seventy years ago, sir, we were behind you in many things. My lord, science has given England a fleet where she never had one before."

J. L.—"Where's that?"

Visitor.—"At the bottom of the sea. And now one word before we part. Give my compliments to the gentlemen in charge of your ironclads, and say that Horatio Nelson's d—d glad he died before such lubbers were allowed to wear the uniform of the British navy. Good morning."

UTILIZING TELEGRAPH WIRES.—The electric telegraph system is still in its infancy and although its operations are marvellous, yet it is probable that we are at present but imperfectly acquainted with the full extent of its advantages; In this country, the telegraph wires are simply used for the transmission of messages, but to Armenia belongs the honor of discovering that they may be adapted as clothes-lines for laundry purposes. The practice of hanging linen to dry on the wires, has lately become general in that country, and revealed the hitherto unknown fact that the Armenian peasantry are in the habit, occasionally, of washing their clothes. Much dismay has, however, been caused by an order that has been issued by the authorities, forbidding the continuance of this arrangement. It seems that the wires have, on more occasions than one, been broken by awkward washerwomen, and Shefket Effendi, an "Armenian Scudamore," who has just been appointed director of the telegraph at Erzeroum, has solemnly declared that no more shirts, stockings, or other garments shall be hung on the wires on any pretence whatever.

From the New York Tribune.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

The American mind is active. It has given us books of fiction for the sentimentalist, learned books for the scholar and professional student, but *few books for the people.* A book *for the people* must relate to a subject of universal interest. Such a subject is the physical man, and such a book "THE PEOPLE'S COMMON SENSE MEDICAL ADVISOR," a copy of which has just been recently laid on our table. The high professional attainments of its author—Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y.—and the advantages derived by him from an extensive practice, would alone insure for his work a cordial reception. But these are not the merits for which it claims our attention. The Author is *a man of the people.* He sympathises with them in all their afflictions, efforts, and attainments. He perceives their want—*a knowledge of themselves*—and believing that all truth should be made as universal as God's own sunlight, from his fund of learning and experience he has produced a work in which he gives them the benefits of his labors. In it he considers man in every phase of his existence, from the moment he emerges "from a rayless atom, too diminutive for the sight, until he gradually evolves to the maturity of those *Conscious Powers*, the exercise of which furnishes subjective evidence of our immortality." Proceeding upon the theory that every fact of mind has a physical antecedent, he has given an admirable treatise on Cerebral Physiology, and shown the bearings of the facts thus established upon individual and social welfare. The Author believes with Spencer, that "as vigorous health and its accompanying high spirits are larger elements of happiness than any other things whatever, the teaching how to maintain them is a teaching that yields to no other whatever," and accordingly has introduced an extensive discussion of the methods by which we may preserve the integrity of the system and oftimes prevent the onset of disease. Domestic Remedies—their preparation, uses, and effects—form a prominent feature of the work. The hygienic treatment, or nursing of the sick, is an important subject, and receives attention commensurate with its importance. Nearly all diseases "to which flesh is heir" are described, their symptoms and causes explained, and proper domestic treatment suggested. To reciprocate the many favors bestowed upon him by a generous public, the author offers his book at a price ($1.50) little exceeding the cost of publication. Our readers can obtain this practical and valuable work by addressing the author.

IT is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back on one-half of the world.

RECEIPTS.

ONION PEELING.—In peeling and slicing onions, it is said that if you hold between your teeth a pair of scissors, a steel knife, or any iron or steel substance, no tears need be shed during the operation.

SAW SETTING.—After filing a saw place it on a level board and pass a whetstone over the side of the teeth until all the wire edge is off them. This will make the saw cut true and smooth, and it will remain sharp longer. The saw must be set true with a saw-set.

TO give a gloss to belts, or any similar description of light leather, glair should be used. This is simply the white of an egg, beaten up with an equal quantity of cold water, a little white sugar being added. It is perfectly transparent, dries in a few minutes, and is not rendered sticky by a hot hand, nor affected by the weather.

ELECTRO GILDING.—Take five ounces (troy) of fine gold; fifty-two ounces (avoirdupois) of nitromuriatic acid; dissolve by heat, and continue until red or yellow vapors cease to be evolved; decant the clear liquid into a suitable vessel; add four gallons of distilled water, and twenty pounds of pure bicarbonate of potassa. Boil for two hours.

AN excellent hair tonic, preventing the hair from falling out, and at the same time stimulating a new and healthy growth, is made as follows: Scald two ounces of black tea with one gallon of boiling water; strain and add three ounces of glycerine, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, and one quart of bay rum. Mix well by shaking, and then perfume to the taste.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Just before the patient retires for the night, after the third week, put an ounce of liquid ammonia in a gallon of water in an open pan; in this quench half a brick made red hot, and let the patient breathe the ammoniated steam. This, it is said, puts an end to the malady in three or four days, and will tranquillize the nervous system.

CHILBLAINS.—The *Repertoire de Pharmacie* recommends, as a remedy for chilblains, one ounce of tannin, to be dissolved in about a pint of water, and four scruples of iodine in a sufficiency of alcohol; the solutions are then mixed and made up to two pints. The solution is to be made hot, and the affected part to be immersed in it as long as the heat can be borne.

IT is said that the stump of a tooth may be preserved as the basis of an artificial tooth, and rendered painless by leaving the root canal empty, and drilling a hole into it just below the free edge of the gum. This hole becomes a permanent vent, and thus saves the stump from disturbing influences, which, if deprived of means of escape, would ultimately destroy it by a painful progress.

TO PREVENT GLUE FROM CRACKING.—Glue frequently cracks because of the dryness of the air in rooms warmed by stoves. An Austrian contemporary recommends the addition of a little chloride of calcium to glue to prevent this disagreeable property of cracking. Chloride of calcium is such a deliquescent salt that it attracts enough moisture to prevent the glue from cracking. Glue thus prepared will adhere to glass, metal, etc., and can be used for putting on labels without danger of their dropping off.

A CHEAP and very good hair-dressing is made by dissolving four ounces of perfectly pure, dense glycerine in twelve ounces of rose-water. Glycerine evaporates only at high temperatures, and therefore under its influence the hair is retained in a moist condition for a long time. As a class, the vegetable oils are better for the hair than animal oils. They do not become rancid and offensive so readily, and they are subject to different and less objectionable chemical changes. Olive oil and that derived from the cocoanut have been largely employed.

THE ladies will find Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) the best of all soaps for general washing, from blankets to laces. It is pure, uniform, saves time and clothes. Try it.

POSTSCRIPTS.

— The English Channel tunnel, it is now said, will be commenced in April next. Whether the commencement will be made on the 1st of that notable month is not stated.

— The Russian Government spends annually $150,000 in carriages to keep the singers at the St. Petersburg Opera out of the snow, and to provide them with warm feet and clear voices.

— A well-known physician says that no person should get out of bed as soon as waking—that is to say, we presume, no man. He should lie there and speculate and theorize while his wife is preparing breakfast.

— A purchaser of old rags and paper in New York lately bought by the pound twenty-one large volumes of manuscript which comprised the minutes of the Continental Congress; including correspondence with Washington.

— It appears that a Valenciennes lacemaker, working twelve hours a day, can produce only one-third of an inch of Valenciennes lace in a week. Every piece of Alencon point passes through the hands of twelve workwomen.

— A medical journal has found that there are from one hundred and sixty thousand to two hundred thousand hairs in a woman's head. The number of hairs in a man's head depends considerably upon the length of time he has been married.

— A Lycoming debating society has settled the question, "*Resolved*, That the women shall make the fire," by deciding that it is not her place to get up first and build the fires. Such an outrageous decision will do much towards increasing the number of bachelors in that county.

— Paris during the coming fiscal year will expend about $40,000,000, a large portion of which will be for embellishments. The receipts as well as the expenditures of the city have quadrupled since 1847, although the population in the same period has not quite doubled itself.

— St. Valentine's Day comes on Monday this year. And it's Leap Year, too. All Fools' Day, May Day, and Christmas Day also occur on Monday this year. The Fourth of July (Independence Day) occurs on Tuesday, as also does the anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

— The English and Welsh appear to be the most litigious people in the world, for they have a lawyer or a lawyer's assistant to each 653 of their population; while the Americans content themselves with one to each 946, the French with one to each 1,970, and the Belgians with one to each 2,700.

— The scarcity of labor in our large cities, and the eagerness with which men out of work grasp at every opportunity of earning a little money, were recently illustrated in New York. The management of Booth's Theatre advertised for some men over six feet tall to act as auxiliaries in a forthcoming spectacular tragedy. In answer to the advertisement over 1,000 giants presented themselves for engagement at fifty cents a night.

— The largest revolving gun that has probably ever been manufactured is now at the Royal gun factories in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, England. It is a revolver with five chambers, firing successively through an open-mouth barrel, and moving about on a kind of truck. It weighs 25 cwt., and appears to be very ingeniously contrived. It will shortly be forwarded to Shoeburyness, to undergo a series of trials in competition with various charges of gun cotton.

Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents.—Every case of Croup can be cured when first taken by Dr. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT, warranted for 28 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Ladies of Fashion.

To preserve the fresh glow of juvenility against the lapse of years and time's effacing fingers, is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much-prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft, and beautiful. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Feb. 5, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Foxcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—293 *Broadway*,
F. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

A NEW STORY.

In a few weeks we shall begin the publication of a splendid Story by a well known contributor. The readers of the Post will be glad to hear that we have procured "the best Story Charles Morris has yet written," at least that is our opinion of it, and we think you will say the same when you have read it. It will begin in No. 30, or the week after next.

A HISTORY OF THE U. S.

We wish to call your attention to the series of articles, by A. H. Wharton, we have been publishing for some time. They began with the first number of the Post for 1876, and will be continued until we have given our readers one of the most complete, reliable, and condensed histories of America ever published. Miss Wharton is making it so interesting, too, that it requires no exertion to read and remember. We would especially recommend this to our younger readers. None of us know as much about our country as we should, and this year, above all others, is the time to "read up" on the subject.

CLUB RATES AGAIN.

We have lately received several letters complaining that we did not publish our club rates any more, and asking us if we had discontinued them.

Now to all these letters there need be but one answer, and in the hope of not only answering them, but of preventing any further misunderstanding, we say here and now that we have *not* discontinued our club rates, but have made them better than ever.

We published them once or twice during the fall, but do not keep them in constantly, because they take up so much valuable room from week to week and month to month.

Please bear in mind that *every* subscriber is entitled to a chromo, *mounted*, for fifty cents extra, or in the sheet *free*, unless it is to be sent by mail, when we require ten cents additional for postage. In clubs wanting mounted chromos, where we can send them by express, we will send them mounted on canvas and *stretcher*, but singly, or when we have to send by mail, we send them mounted on canvass (without the stretcher) but postpaid. On the first of March next we intend to pay Twenty Gold Premiums of from $5 up to $100, for the twenty largest lists sent in by that time.

OUR SPECIAL CLUB RATES are: Two copies, one year, $5; seven copies, one year, $15; Ten copies, one year, $20, and an additional copy FREE to any one getting up a club of seven or ten. Additions may be made to clubs of seven or ten at the rate of $2,00 each. One Hundred Copies, one year, $175. The Post being the only paper of its class published in the Centennial City, agents have very little trouble in forming clubs at almost every Post Office. We have agents that are now making from forty to fifty dollars per week in this way. If you are out of work try it. Send all remittances in Money Orders, Drafts or Registered Letter. New subscriptions can begin at any time with a new story.

PLUCK.

People in pecuniary misfortune, in estimating their liabilities and resources, seldom consider among the latter the element of pluck. The tendency with nearly all unfortunates is to magnify difficulties, and underrate, or wholly forget their power to overcome them. A man in good health with unsullied character, need fear no evil, nor be robbed of his happiness, no matter how adversely things may appear. If he is heavily in debt, and can satisfy the community that he is straining every nerve and appropriating all his resources to discharge his obligations, there is no danger of his losing a well-earned reputation, and there is no reason why he should not be cheerful in his family and joyous in his own heart. The self-consciousness of integrity, coupled with the approving smile of the Father above, should enable a man to face every foe and surmount every difficulty. If instead of burdensome debt, he is overtaken by fire or flood, so that the accumulated comforts of years are swept away in an hour, he gains nothing by sitting down, folding his arms, and weeping over his misfortune. "Up and at it," is a familiar but expressive phrase. Pluck is a lever that upheaves difficulties. Before a resolute man, the green withs of adversity snap like threads of tow.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART V.

THE NEW NETHERLANDS.

Twice the English sailor, Henry Hudson, set out in quest of that *ignis fatuus*, the North-West Passage, which seemed as delusive, and at the same time as inspiriting as the search after the "Holy Grail," that engaged the noble knights of Arthur's time.

Having sailed, on both voyages, as far north as Spitzbergen, he was obliged to turn back, unable to further penetrate those ice-bound seas.

Undaunted by his former failures, Hudson again set forth, in 1609—this time under the auspices of the Dutch East India Company, the Dutch being, at this period, the great commercial nation of Europe, and Amsterdam the centre of commercial interest.

Hudson, in the Half Moon, during several voyages, drew nearer the North Pole than any preceding navigator. He also reached the shores of Greenland, on the north; sailed as far south as Virginia, and finally, explored the North river to where the town of Albany now stands, trading with the natives by the way, who came out to meet the English sailors in canoes made of single, hollowed trees.

Finding, to his sorrow, that this beautiful stream would not, eventually, lead him to India, Hudson returned to Holland, where he made a favorable report of the climate, the fertility of the soil, and the matchless beauty and grandeur of the rivers and forests of the new land.

On his next voyage, in 1610, Hudson, in the Discoverer, again sailed toward the northern seas, and explored the bay that now bears his name. Here, driven to desperation by their sufferings from cold and hunger, his crew mutinied, and binding Hudson and his son hand and foot, they put them on board a boat, and casting them adrift among the floating ice of the bay, in the bitter cold, left them to their sad fate.

Nothing more was ever heard of this intrepid navigator, whose explorations have proved so valuable to the world, and who prepared the way for the settlement of the New Netherlands by the Dutch, and the subsequent founding of our great metropolis.

When James I chartered two companies, one to settle in the north and one in the south, requiring that they should be at least one hundred miles apart, and making no provision to keep emigrants from planting themselves on the intervening tract, he showed himself to be deficient in the long-headedness generally attributed to the Scots, for just here the Dutch came, where the rivers were largest, and the coast best adapted to commercial interests.

Founding their claim on the discoveries of Henry Hudson, they built trading-posts near the mouth of the Hudson river, in 1613.

The Dutch also explored the coast of Long Island Sound and the shores of Delaware Bay, and for their services, gained from the States General a grant to the exclusive coast trade between the fortieth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude. This region was named the New Netherlands, the name originally including all the unoccupied tract between Virginia and Canada.

In 1614, Adrian Block sailed through Hurlgate, and as far north as Block Island—named for him. He loaded his ship with furs, and was about to return home, when his vessel caught fire, and he and his crew landed on Manhattan island, where they put up some log huts and spent the winter. By these Dutch sailors, the first vessel built on this Continent by Europeans was made ready for service, and named the Unrest.

This settlement, which grew out of the necessity of the hour, was called New Amsterdam, and was the foundation of the city of New York.

Ten years later, the whole island of Manhattan was purchased from the Indians for the sum of twenty-four dollars—less than a fashionable lady of modern Manhattan pays for her bonnet!

The first permanent agricultural colony came to the New Netherlands in 1623, when eighteen families settled at Fort Orange, now Albany.

Great encouragement was given to Dutch settlers of all classes, as land was freely offered to all who would come and occupy it, and any one who would bring over a company of fifty emigrants, was allowed a considerable tract of land on the banks of a river—for which he was to pay the natives, and the honor of bearing the title of patroon. Thus rich and influential men were induced to leave their Lares and Penates in the old country, and come to our shores to erect here their quaint yellow and black houses; to smoke their pipes on their porches or stoops; to introduce a sort of phlegmatic energy, the bump of caution, and much thrift into the composition of our national character, and the fumes of sauerkraut and lager into our pure atmosphere.

These patroons, who formed already an aristocracy in the New Netherlands, were to be supplied with slave labor by the Dutch East India Company, who imported negroes from Guinea.

In glancing back over the pages of history, we find that to the Dutch we are mainly indebted for the transplanting to our soil of this tropical plant, which has borne for us so plentiful a crop of thorns and briars since it entered our midst as a "peculiar institution"—a remnant of barbarism, wreathed, like a festal garland, around the wheels of the Progress that it clogged!

To the Dutch we also owe the introduction of two festivals, for which the children of our day may still "rise up and call them blessed"—the celebration of Christmas, with its tree and candles, over which presides "Santa Claus," that most charming and munificent of myths! The custom of coloring eggs at Easter also came from the Dutch. About New Year's visiting the children will not have so much to say, though they relish the "cookies;" but imagine the most exquisite of metropolitan beaux paying his tribute of thanks for this day, upon which he can cut down the appalling ranks of his visiting list "at one fell swoop," to the dear old Dutch ancestor, "so round and so merry," in whose broad footprints he is dutifully following.

These settlers were not as much addicted to church going as their Plymouth neighbors, but they supported public worship, and we read that when money failed them, they would pay their "dominie" in beaver-skins. Furs formed an important article of export with them—also tar, timber and tobacco.

On the whole, these New Netherlanders would have had a pretty comfortable time, had not their Governor, Krift—called "William, the Testy"—embroiled them in disputes with some of the Massachusetts settlers who moved into Connecticut. This, added to troubles with the Indians, mainly owing to Krift's cruelty toward them, roused these peaceable Holland men from their pleasant gossips over pipes and lager. An attack was made by the Indians on one of their villages, and one hundred whites slain. This led to a war, during which the life of the young colony was seriously menaced.

When Peter Stuyvesant became Governor in 1647, his advent was hailed with joy by his countrymen. Under his rule the Indians were conciliated, and the affairs of the colony became more prosperous.

In 1664, Charles II gave a grant of all the land lying between the Hudson and Delaware Rivers to his brother, the Duke of York. This included the New Netherlands; and the same year Colonel Nicolls appeared before New Amsterdam, and without warning, demanded its surrender. At first, brave old Governor Stuyvesant would not listen to such a proposal, hastily tearing up the letter from the English commander, but being in no condition to offer effective resistance, he finally yielded. Thus, without a struggle, the colony passed into the hands of the English.

New Amsterdam was called New York, and soon the whole province was thus designated. That part of the New Netherlands south of the Hudson River was made into a separate province, which the Duke of York sold to two English noblemen. One of these, Sir George Cartaret, named the colony after the Island of Jersey, of which he had been governor. It was then divided into East and West Jersey, but, subsequently, the whole tract was purchased by the Society of Friends, and principally settled by them. The charter of New Jersey ensuring to its inhabitants liberty and freedom of thought, many persecuted people found refuge within her borders. In 1702, this colony was given up by its proprietors to Queen Anne, and became a royal province, being united to New York under Lord Cortney's administration.

New Jersey again became a separate province in 1738.

Under the rule of the English, in the person of the Duke of York, the New Yorkers tasted but sparingly of the sweets of liberty, and when he ascended the throne as James II, this province became a sort of appendage to the crown. Under James, and later under William and Mary, much dissatisfaction was felt by the settlers toward the royal governors—taxation and other matters nearly touching the life and interests of the colony were warmly discussed among them.

Experiencing one sort of oppression after another, it is not strange that New York, with its population composed of so many nationalities, should have been among the first to throw off the English yoke, and respond to the clarion call of liberty.

In 1684, Governor Dongan concluded a treaty with the Indians, and from this time the colonists were on friendly terms with them, and received aid from them on several occasions against the French.

During the years that followed, up to 1754, when the great decisive battles were fought between England and France to determine the sovereignty of North America, the colonists in Canada and New York felt from time to time faint pulsations of the throes of conflict then convulsing their respective proprietary nations.

"THE SOFTBOY PAPERS."

NUMBER III.

MR. EDITOR—Since I last wrote to you I have plunged madly into the boiling vortex. When I say *boiling* it is in order to "carry out the figure"—as the fashionable tailors do in the shoulders—not because there was really any particular heat about me at the decisive moment. Oh, no; I'm not that kind of man. I was appallingly calm, even, I think, majestic at that point of time, when, the Fates goading me on, I asked Lulu Dazzleton to become Mrs. Softboy.

She has consented.

These things must be. Man is born to suffer. We all have our trials. Miss Lulu is a very pretty trial, I admit that; but how do you suppose I felt when, gazing calmly up at me, she said:

"Of course, my dear Flashington, one of your first duties will be to settle my money on me and to insure your life in my behalf. All the people in our set do so."

Calmly and dispassionately, but I fear unfashionably, I remarked to Lulu—my eye "flashing like a falchion from its sheath," and all that sort of thing, you know—that I would be—*jinkered* if I had ever thought of it.

"Why, Flashington, you bad boy," said she, "it's high time you did, then!"

But, in view of the fact that I had just presented her with a diamond ring worth five hundred dollars, and earrings to match worth still more, I think that the perhaps not strictly classic word *cheeky* will best render my opinion of the move on Miss Lulu's part, which had extorted from yours truly that perhaps equally unclassical word *jinkered*.

"But, being gone, Richard's himself again."

By-the-by, Mr. Editor, I wish to appeal to you as to the correctness of the above quotation. Cynical Sneerby says that if that's the way I mix up Macbeth and Richard the Third, I had better subscribe to a circulating library. He says that there is a "general wrongness about the whole thing." Shall I refer him to you?

But to return to Lulu.

We harmoniously settled a few things between us, such as the following:

I am to continue to keep my horses.

Lulu is to have her opera-box and an open account, "to keep up her wardrobe."

She is to go to Europe occasionally, with me, of course. I have ordered for her a set of diamonds and emeralds, *en suite*, and we shall both retain our mutual favorites, namely, Lulu's Spitz "Fanfaron" and my Skye terrier, "Bismarck." Privately speaking, I have four more favorites, Stunner, Blusterer, Jack-the-Giant-Killer—so called because he always bites fat men in the calves of their legs—and Popped Corn. These are all pugs, and beautifully frightful. I have not mentioned them to Lulu; but, as I have learned that she is going to retain that flat-nosed, red-headed, stuck-up, odious Gretchen, her German maid, whom I never see without a wild desire to put out her eye with a pair of curling-tongs, why, I don't think that she will have any right to complain. Do you?

Last evening, Alphonse, my valet, took upon himself to interview me on the subject of my impending doom—I mean marriage.

"Monsieur," said he to me, "I understand from ye aymibol Mademoiselle Gretchen zat you are about to marry yourself."

"Marry myself," said I. "No, I'm not; I'm going to marry Miss Lulu Dazzleton. Don't be silly, Alphonse; that is, if you can help it.'

"But I cannot help it. I am desolated to see monsieur about to leave zee free and indappendant—(accent on the second syllable!)—state of zee bachelor to enter zee—vat you call zat?—zee state of zee matrimony. Has monsieur reflected himself sufficiently?"

"Of course I have, Alphonse! What the deuce do you mean?"

"Oh, nozing!" replies the ridiculous creature, executing a feat which I call scratching his ear with the tips of his shoulders. "Oh, nozing! Nozing but zis"—here Alphonse wagged his forefinger before a nose which, in point of ugliness, exceeds any nose I ever saw, with the solitary exception of that of Gretchen—"only zis. Monsieur will find it *amposs*ible—(meant impossible, you know!)—to go ever behind the scenes at the *theatre;* he will not be *abel* to smoke all ovair zee house; he will have to do vat ees wife want, an' not vat ee want cemself. Ah, monsieur, vat a huge meestake ees zee state married! Ah, ha!" he gave a sigh about as long as from here to Jerusalem, and shrugged, and shuddered and groaned, and raised up his eyebrows till I really thought he was going into some sort of Gallic fit.

"Alphonse," said I, "my friend"—and I spoke with a certain lofty grandeur of manner and intonation, which belongs to the Softboy family and comes down from father to son, "methinks that the English of all this, if there can be said to be any English in it whatever, which up to the present time is not, I must say, glaringly apparent; the English, I repeat, of all this, is probably that you wish to know whether I mean to retain you in my service or not. Well—I do.

"Thanks, monsieur; I shall *remmain*"—accent on first syllable in this instance—"wiz monsieur with a very mooch pleasure. I felicitate monsieur from ze most profound of my heart, and I shall endayvair"—meant *endeavor*, you know—"to give to monsieur a *continument*"—perhaps he meant *continuation*—"of ze satiafaction zat I zink have allaways *resultated* from my efforts in ze past."

With this, Alphonse bowed himself out, and sneezed, or laughed, or something of the sort, as soon as he was outside the door. I know it, for I heard him.

Well, I keep him partly for amusement, just as I do Jack the Giant Killer, and Stunner, and partly because for a deep, occult, weird, and tremendous knowledge of the art of dressing the human hair, Alphonse, though I say it, stands unrivalled, unparalleled, majestic, and alone. There is but one Niagara and one Alphonse. I trust that you see the force and beauty of the comparison. If there is anything I do understand—Sneerby says that there isn't anything—it is simile. I also understand metaphor. There, I shine.

For instance, here at this moment, among the ruins of my bachelorhood, do I not stand like the American eagle, upon the broad wave of ocean, surrounded by the battling elements of pride and hope, despair and courage, sustained on the one hand by the certainty of getting a hundred thousand dollars with Lulu, and about fifty thousand from my governor, besides a house—by governor I mean the old boy—and on the other by those feelings of affection which youth and beauty cannot fail to awaken in the heroic bosom of the most callous. Or, am I getting things a little mixed? Well, I only wanted to give you a specimen of metaphor. I do not know that I have exactly failed, but when my blood is up, I can, I assure you, do better.

By-the-bye, Mr. Editor, can you, at this point of time, fancy the feelings of Coupon, the banker, who thought that *he* was going to get Lulu?

Cynical Sneerby says that he *knows* that the Dazzletons have heard that Coupon is a little *shaky* about this time, and tells me not to lay the flattering unction to my soul that it is because the girl entertains any real preference for me that she has taken me.

Now between ourselves—you and me, that is—I don't care whether she does or not. It isn't fashionable to care about your wife, or to care whether your wife cares about you. Lulu shares my impassioned feelings on this subject.

I said to her, "Lulu, do you love me?"

I thought it was only polite, as it were, to say something of the sort.

"Well, I don't know, Flashington, really, but I suppose I do."

"But will these warm feelings continue," said I. "Can you pledge yourself, Lulu——"

Here she interrupted me.

"No, I can't, and I won't, either. I'm not becoming a Free Mason or joining a temperance society, or anything of that sort, am I? Pledge myself, indeed! No, I won't."

"Lulu, my love, said I, "let me remonstrate——"

"Oh, don't remonstrate, Flashington," said she. "If I had thought that you were going to do that way, I would not have accepted you."

"But I must," said I.

"No, you mustn't," said she; "if you do, I'll tell mamma that you are beginning to tyranize over me already, and maybe she'll not let you have me, after all."

Is it necessary to say that I did not remonstrate any further, but proposed that we should go to the play, and on the road home began a mad career of extravagance in the matter of caromels, ices, chicken-salad and oysters, which, if it continues, will no doubt bring about another great financial crisis.

I am to be turned off—I mean married—in a few weeks. Sneerby will be there, salts, he says, in his pockets. He says he knows that at the final moment I will need them. I bear all this from Sneerby, because, as I believe, I mentioned in my first he wanted to marry Miss Dazzleton himself. Couldn't get her; too poor!

It has occurred to me occasionally, that I might pull Sneerby's nose. It might be more satisfactory than aristocratic as a means of retaliation; but what would it be in comparison to putting my finger to my own nose, in *his absence*, and saying, mentally:

"Sour grapes, my lad, sour grapes?"

For various reasons I prefer this less aggressive course and my line of conduct, that of calmness and unexcitability is one that is approved of by all the Concentrated Creams. As a body we are not excitable.

Languid Stunnington will accompany me, as best man, to the scene of sacrifice, I mean to the church, and Gertrude Gushington will sustain Lulu, who declares that she will not need any sustaining.

"It can't be worse," she remarked but yesterday, "than going to the dentist's, or getting one's photograph taken, and, besides," she added, "my veil is very becoming. If that don't uphold me, nothing will."

Stunnington remarked to me in his off-hand, easy, friendly, fashionable way:

"I'm glad I'm not the happy man, you know."

"Are you?" said I.

"Yes," said Stunnington. "The bloom is on the rye just now, but when the bills begin to come in, and you find what it costs *to keep up style*, you will yearn to be a jolly, careless bachelor again and regret your life in the rolling-drag."

"No, I shan't," said I.

"I don't mind betting on this point," said Stunnington. "There are more things required to keep up your position as a man of fashion, married to a woman of fashion, that were ever calculated in your arithmetic."

"I trust that when stern duty calls me to the helm, I shall not flinch, but pay up like a man. I never expected to live on nothing."

"Well, that is a good thing; I never heard that any one was able to realize those ideal views."

"Don't you think that Coupon, the banker, must feel rather cheap just now?"

"Well, slightly, I should say, as he went to smash this morning."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed I—for I am finishing up my letter to you, as you see, *after* my *last* interview with Cynical Sneerby—"then it *was* true?"

"Exactly!—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing," replied I, not feeling inclined to repeat Sneerby's remark, but recalling what he said that the Dazzletons had heard, and a deep sigh rose from my manly breast; "nothing whatever."

Now there's one advantage that the common people have over us fashionables; they see the papers before we do. It was Stunnington's man that told him about Coupon's failure. It has struck me sometimes that it is a good thing that we stylish men have these common people to wait on us; it puts us up to several things, and it elevates and refines them. Stunnington's man now knows *a coat* when he sees it, and does not call *anything* hung on to another man's shoulders by that name. While, "by a beautiful reciprocity," says Sneerby, "constant association with him has taught Stunnington to know enough to come in out of the rain."

Thus do we see by a beautiful harmony in the rules of existing things, the bee, the bird, the flower, and—but I really forget how I was about to terminate this poetic thought. I will think over it again at my leisure, finish it up and forward it. I know it *was* poetic, but these deep things require time.

Alphonse, when putting my room in order this morning, stirred up a tide of feeling, of, I may say, the high Byronic order.

Gazing at an album filled with photographs of fair creatures, he said to me:

"An' ees monsieur really about to abandon zeese loveley beeing, an' nevare ze zem more?"

Let me here say, in confidence, that though I bought those pictures in Paris and London, I have not the remotest idea whom the better part of them represent.

"Of course, Alphonse; would you undertake to suppose for a moment that the countess or the baroness would expect to hear from a married man? Banish the thought, base Gaul. We Americans are moral men."

"An' shall I trow zee leetel sleepair in zee fire?"

That little slipper is supposed to belong to a little dancer whom I am supposed to have been acquainted with. I keep it under a glass case. It is satin.

"Yes, Alphonse, away with it. I give you the case. Put the stuffed poodle that belonged to the departed prima donna into the coal-hole or anywhere that will not be visited by the future Mrs. Softboy. Take those faded bouquets given to me by the defunct princess and the wife of the foreign ambassador"—(between ourselves, I bought them on the Boulevard, and faded them in a few hours by laying them before the fire. You see, I'm making a clean breast of the whole thing)—"take them, Alphonse; throw them to the winds of heaven; bring them no more upon the pathway of Benedict, the married man!"

"Ha! ha! ha! goot. 'Benjamin, zee married man!' Zat ees een Shakespayair, ees eet not? I vill raymaymbair—ha! ha!"

And exit Alphonse heavily laden, and grinning as only a French valet can.

There is one more thing that I may mention in closing this epistle. You know that we men of fashion are more or less wild—all of us. The whirl of excitement, the "maddening crowd," as it were, carries us along. Well, in a moment of madness, in an hour of delirium—at least I suppose it was, but I don't recollect—I gave to the washerwoman's daughter—I should say the laundress' offspring—at a hotel where I stopped in the summer, my photograph. It was dismissing Alphonse with the album, the poodle and the slipper, that recalls this little matter to my mind. I observe in your publication that you receive letters asking for advice. You can easily imagine that this circumstance, trifling though it seems, would be fatal to me as a man of fashion. A laundress' daughter, think of it! Now how shall I go to work to recover that photo? Shall I have its possessor assassinated or incarcerated? Or would you advise milder measures?

The scene returns to me, 'twas thus:

"She said, "Oh, what a nice funny picture!" and she giggled sweetly. "It's you, ain't it, Mr. Softboy?"

"Keep it, my dear," said I.

Well, these moments of weakness will come to the strongest minds! Try to advise me by telegraph, ere the wedding takes place.

Yours, with emotions easily to be understood at this trying time,

FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY,
Concentrated Cream Club.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Centennial "Creedmoor" is a spacious level plot located near Darby, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia.

THREE hundred packages of Chinese exhibits arrived by the Oceanica at New York en route to the Centennial Buildings.

TWELVE bales of cotton, representing the varieties of that commodity handled in Philadelphia markets, will be sent for exhibition by New Orleans.

THE nautical newspapers are urging that a good display shall be made of American shipping. Two countries have already given notice that they will send men-of-war for exhibition.

PERSONS residing in distant parts of the United States are already making arrangements to secure board in the towns and villages surrounding Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. A gentleman writing from Pembina, Dakota Territory, thinks that "everybody in the West will come on."

THE State Archæological Society of Ohio have resolved to take steps to have the society fully represented at the Centennial by a full collection of relics, models, and plans relating to the pre-historic period in Ohio, which is rich in such matters. It is thought the display will be very creditable.

THE Educational Department, one of the last to give promise of being fully represented, is now getting into first-class shape. Secretary Campbell has received an application from Indiana for an increase of space for that State, equal to what it was recently anticipated several of the States would need as a total in this department.

THE applications for space for carriages, furniture and household goods are so large that it has been found necessary to erect an annex to the Main Building, and the contract for this building has already been given out. In every case the award of space has been much less than the amount asked for, and in some cases the reduction has been very great.

THE old "John Bull," the first locomotive ever run on the Camden and Amboy road, which has been laid up in the Hordentown shops for many years, is being put in running order again, and will be sent to the Centennial next year. It was built by Robert Stevenson over forty years ago, has 12 by 20-inch cylinders, one pair 4½ feet drivers, and weighs about 12 tons.

ALFRED TISDELLE, a French carpenter, of Worcester, Mass., has a checker-board, the result of his leisure time for two years, which he proposes to exhibit at the Centennial. It is made of 33 kinds of wood in 3 843 pieces, one side being the American board, and the other the French, using 60 checkers. At each end are small drawers for the checkers, while one side is made to open on hinges, disclosing a finely-carved frame and a portrait of the maker.

THE Centennial Bureau of Horticulture has just issued a circular requesting the loan or donation to the Exposition of all large plants that can be spared by persons not intending to become exhibitors themselves. The plants will be placed in the Horticultural Building, with the names of the donors attached, and will also be published in the general and special catalogues, unless otherwise ordered. It is the object of the bureau to present the largest possible display of growing plants.

THE Centennial Commissioners of Virginia have addressed a letter to Governor Kemper, stating that on account of the failure of the Legislature to make an appropriation, it will be impossible for the State to be represented at the Centennial. The Commissioners say that the necessary money cannot be raised by subscription, and that it is too late now for the Legislature to take any steps in the matter. They resign their positions, therefore, and give up their task as a hopeless one.

THE applications for space in Horticultural Hall have been so numerous that it has been determined to erect an additional building to accommodate the extra exhibits, covering one acre of ground. The plans have not yet been definitely prepared, but the general design will comprehend a handsome temporary structure, so arranged as to include large open spaces for gardens and flower beds. There is every indication that the display in this department of the Exhibition will be very attractive and varied.

EXHIBITS for the Art Department have commenced to arrive, and, as they must be stored in a fire-proof building, are being placed in the Art Gallery (Memorial Hall) until such time as their arrangement in place can be attended to. This will not be before the middle of February. The Advisory Committee are actively engaged in perfecting details connected with the art display. Mr. Sartain, Chief of the Art Bureau of the Exposition, informs us that the art display, both American and foreign, will be extensive and grand.

MR. J. H. CUNDALL, Secretary of the British Commission, has received a letter from Mr. S. A. Waterer, of Knoss Hill Nursery, Woking, Surrey, England, stating that he purposes to make a fine display of rhododendrons at the Centennial Exhibition. He asks that he shall be provided with a tent, 150 by 50 feet, with a supply of water and hose and that the ground shall be prepared in accordance with a plan to be submitted by himself. The plants will probably arrive about the first week in April, and would be planted in the tent about the second week in May. The duration of the exhibition will be about three weeks. The request of Mr. Waterer has been granted by Director General Goshorn, and all necessary facilities will be furnished him.

SWEDEN is taking great interest in the Centennial Exhibition, and in proportion to her population she has made a larger appropriation for the Exhibition than any other country. The sum voted by her Parliament was $125,000 in gold. A schoolhouse built of timber brought from Sweden is now being put up between the Jury Pavilion and the Art Hall. It will be a fac simile of the best common schoolhouses of that country, with this exception, the interior will not be divided into two rooms, but will form only one, in order to display to better advantage the school furniture, charts and apparatus. The Swedish schoolhouse at Vienna cost 6,000 crowns, and was the admiration of all who visited it. For the Philadelphia building 25,000 crowns are appropriated, amounting in United States money to about $7,000.

A KITCHEN OF THE TWO 76s.—A log-house will be erected on the Exhibition ground, which will contain, on a large scale, the kitchen of a New England farmer of 1776, and adjoining, for the purpose of contrast, the modern kitchen of 1876. The whole will be in charge of the originator of the idea, Miss Southwick, clerk of the Massachusetts Centennial Commission. She will have twelve assistants, six in each kitchen, and appropriately costumed. Each article of furniture will be labeled in English, French and German, and the gentle housewives will be competent to explain in these languages their various culinary operations and methods of housekeeping. A dinner will be served daily to a limited number of guests, just to keep the concern in motion. The cooks have been engaged, and certain gentlemen have made liberal contributions of furniture and groceries.

THE *Nautical Gazette* makes a very good suggestion. It says that "the United States steamer Macedonian was sold on the 31st ultimo at Norfolk, Va., for the sum of $1,071. This vessel was captured from the British in the war of 1812 by Captain Stephen Decatur, then in command of the frigate United States. She was rebuilt at the Norfolk navy yard in 1836, and even to-day is in fair condition. We would suggest to her purchaser that she be fitted up and placed on exhibition at the Centennial at Philadelphia. It is possible that the Navy Department would loan her owners an old-type battery, and, with a few old tars on board, she would attract much attention, and, we believe, would be a very interesting feature of the Exhibition. A small charge for admission would, in the aggregate, pay for the auction cost of the noble old vessel."

JENNIE JUNE writes to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* that Fashion will do a little Centennializing on her own account this year. Novelties in design will revive the favorite modes of the past century. Already we have the long, slender waist, buttoned down the back instead of being fastened in front, the restoration of the sleeve closed at the wrist, and the spring will see the reappearance of the "bodice waist" of forty years ago, consisting of a plain pointed belt in front, and a bust part laid full upon the plain lining and connected by a piping across the front. Mrs. Croly also goes on to say that, ear-rings fifty years old, brass candlesticks, old andirons, high, stiff-backed chairs, spindle-legged tables, carved bureaus with brass handles, ancient tea caddies, and other things which thousands of families have sold for a song to dealers in second-hand furniture, are now worth their weight in gold, and if the old homesteads scattered throughout the country could be transported, with their contents, to the New York auction rooms, they would bring more than brown stone houses and Parisian rosewood and broadtel. This tendency is growing stronger all the time, and will greatly influence the fashions in dress of 1876. Already the ladies are talking of reviving for house wear the dresses of white muslin and dimity, and for the street the cloth pelisses which covered them. High combs, ornaments which have not seen the light for generations, are disentombed and worn with peculiar pride and satisfaction.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

A HORSE'S LOVE. — Some years ago, when I was on a visit to a namesake who was living with Mr. Charles Dickens, I heard that great and good writer tell his children a story that made both of us ravens feel badly for a whole week. It was about the love of a mare for her owner, and ran in this way:

There was a Dutch boor at the Cape of Good Hope who owned a very fine mare. Now, when we speak in America of a "boor," we mean a rough man whom no sensible horse or mare, or any other animal, would ever love; but at the Cape the word "boor" means a farmer of the middle class, and they are often men of the kindest hearts in the world.

Well, this boor had carefully trained his mare, had always been kind to her, and had fed her each night with his own hands, until she grew to love him as animals only can love. One day there came a trial that was to prove the strength of that love, as well as the heroic soul and courage of the man. He lived near the sea, and there came a great storm that made all the fishermen tremble with fright and fear. The great waves rose and fell, looking like huge mountains and deep valleys, while their white tops made the lookers on shudder with cold as the winds drove the water up the beach.

Just as the storm was at its height, and as all the people far and near were praying for the safety of those who might be on the ocean, a great large ship was seen slowly making her way towards the shore. As the anxious people watched her, they saw that the men at the wheel could no longer control the great mass against the fury of the waters, and with all her sails rent, and two of her masts lying across her deck, worse than useless things, the once proud ship was being driven on the tops of the great waves right on a long low line of rocks that lay not far from the shore. The ship was filled with men and women and children, and they all cried for help. What was to be done? They were too far away for any rope to reach, and the sea would have crushed to pieces a raft, even had there been time and wood to make one. The men on shore cried like children, but they were helpless. What could be done? Nothing.

Now let me give the rest of the story as the great writer told it:

"Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his mare. Down they came to the beach, but did not stop there one breath of time. Stroking her neck, the master spoke a word the mare knew, and, without touch of whip or spur, she dashed into the sea with a long rope fastened to her, and steadily fought the waves until she reached the side of the ship. Then she wheeled and won her way to the shore with a row of rescued men and women. There she stayed but for a moment. At the word and touch she knew so well she turned and once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back again a load of young and old. She stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes—stood there, weak, and as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. Still a few were left unsaved, and their cries for help came on the winds to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave boor's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through, and he could not stay there and hear them. He spoke a low soft word to his mare, put his hand on her neck, and seemed to ask her if she would do it. She turned to him with a look that meant, 'If you wish it, I will try.' He did wish it, and she tried to the last pulse of her strong heart. Weak, but brave, she walked straight out in the wild sea. Now and then the white surge buried her head, then she would raise it up and shake the brine from her locks. Foot by foot she neared the ship, and at length the last man on the doomed vessel had lashed himself to the rope. Then once more her head was turned to the beach, while from it came shouts and prayers to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved far better than her own. For it she broke her reins half way between the ship and shore. Then she could lift her feet no more. Her long mane lay like black seaweed on the white waves as she strove to catch one more breath, and then, with a groan of despair, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of the lives that had saved from death nearly a ship's crew of souls."

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his mare. One in life and one in death. Few pages of the world's history can show a deed as good and brave, and certainly none can show a better or braver one. All honor to the memory of the unknown Dutch boor, and none less to that of the good and true mare that carried him so faithfully to death.

CHEAP LABOR.—I suppose that there is scarcely a boy or girl old enough to read and appreciate what is read, who has not heard of Bret Harte and his poem on Chinese cheap labor. Mr. Harte is one of the very few writers who can be called American in every sense of the word; and, independent of this, some of his pieces, written in what they call "dialect," or Western talk, will bring tears and smiles even to a raven. Well, it is not of Bret Harte that I want to speak, nor of the labor of the Chinese, who work cheaply enough, dear knows, but work more like parrots or monkeys than like men. You know that a Chinaman can live almost entirely on rice, with now and then a nicely-prepared dish of dog or rat, and with such cheap food, they ought to do cheap work. But there has been far cheaper labor than that of Mr. Harte's "Heathen Chinee." Do you know what it was and where it was? An old historian named Herodotus, tells us that it took twenty years to build the great pyramid in Egypt, and that during that entire time, one hundred thousand men were employed. What wages do you suppose they received? At the rate of one dollar per day, it would have cost over seven hundred millions of dollars to complete this one work, and do you suppose that even a Pharoah would spend that amount of money on a monument? Not exactly; and to avoid it, how do you think he managed it? He simply ordered the men to work, and gave them the commonest and cheapest food he could find in Egypt, and for twenty years, this was all the pay they had. If they grumbled they were driven to work with whips, so you may rest assured that there was not much grumbling. If any died, a fresh batch were ordered in, and the work went on without stopping. This may have been cruel, but it was cheap, and the Pharaohs never cared much for their people.

A long while after this, a Pasha of the same Egypt wanted a canal dug from the city of Alexandria to the Nile. He remembered what the great king of olden times had done, and he accordingly gathered an army of a quarter of a million—men, women, and children—and commanded them to do the work. The line of the canal was marked out, and provisions were ordered sufficient to last this vast army of workers just one month. They were told that they would get nothing else, and no more food, even if the work should not be finished in a month. Under cruel masters, the men, women, and children worked with all their united strength, in hopes of ending the task before the allotted time was up. But their toiling to this end was all in vain. The last day came around; the work was not completed; the food was stopped, and—the workers began to starve. On they were compelled to go with their work until it was finished, and with it the graves of nearly fifty thousand of the poor wretches. Don't you think the cheap Chinese can take a back seat now?

FAIRY GOOD-NATURE.

Something had gone wrong, and Amy left the house for a solitary ramble. Children often seek solitude when they feel unhappy. At such times it is a positive pleasure to make themselves feel miserable, and they retire to some lonely place and try to convince themselves that no one loves them, and that this world has nothing worth living for.

So Amy strolled out among the shady trees, nursing her unhappiness, and thinking herself a poor forlorn little maiden, for whom the world had lost every charm.

Suddenly she heard the sweet song of a mocking-bird, and, looking up, she saw the sweet songster sitting on the bough of a tree, making the woods ring with his melody. Amy seated herself at the roots of a large oak, and leaning back, listened to the melodious sounds with perfect rapture.

All at once the bird, after a most delicious trill, flew down and lit near Amy. But, somehow, its shape was changed. Its long tail turned into a trailing robe; its feathers changed into a fairy-like garment, and, instead of a bird, she saw the prettiest little fairy in the world, with a crown upon her head, and the sweetest mouth and brightest eyes that ever were seen.

"I am the fairy Good-nature," she exclaimed, "and I came here in the shape of a bird on purpose to meet you, Amy. I know what your troubles are, and I assure you that they are altogether imaginary, for you have no real troubles. You have a kind mother, sweet sisters, and loving brothers. You have every comfort you need to make you happy, and the only reason you are not happy, is because you will not see things in their true light. You imagine people are slighting you, when they are not. You imagine people dislike you or are offended, when they are not. You imagine that no one loves you, when in truth every one loves you, though they do not take pains to say so. Remember that people have a great deal to do, and think about, and talk about, besides petting little Amy; and do not on that account imagine you see distrust and dislike and aversion, when you see something else totally different. That is what I mean by saying that your troubles are imaginary. You raise them up in your imagination, and then make yourself miserable on account of what you imagine. Now I will show you the effect of imaginary troubles. Do you see that great ugly bear creeping out of the woods and looking just ready to eat you up?"

Looking around, Amy saw a huge beast just ready to devour her. Already his ghastly jaws were open, and a chill of horror passed through her frame as she felt the monster's cold muzzle pressed to her throat. Terribly horrified and frightened, she screamed aloud in her terror, and awoke.

Sober old Rover, the Newfoundland dog, was standing by her side and trying to wake her up by pressing his cool nose to her cheek. His mistress had sent him out to hunt up Amy to let her know that dinner was ready.

"Oh, Rover!" exclaimed Amy, springing to her feet, "I took you for a huge bear that was going to eat me up!"

Rover looked up kindly and wagged his tail.

"And," said Amy, "I guess the fairy was right, for it must be just that way that I create so many of my troubles—making terrible things out of every harmless little circumstance."

Amy went to dinner, but kept her interview with the fairy a secret. Nevertheless it did her much good.

MAN himself is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely in mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, should not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

BRIEF.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

Infancy! a blushing spring,
Violet-strewn and blossoming
April's sunshine, April's rain,
April no'er to come again.

Boyhood! sun-kiss'd summer hues,
Fragrant with a thousand flowers,
Smiling 'neath a tearless sky,
Chasing life's bright butterfly.

Manhood! in autumnal suit,
Rich in russet golden fruit,
God-stamped, noble, tender, true,
Harvest of preceding two.

Age! a silvery winter scene,
Blessing joy-dreams that *have been*,
White with hoarfrost, angel-given,
Last and nearest step to heaven

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST HOURS.

When St. Albert left the Vaudeville, he drove directly to the club he frequented most. He was in high good humor with himself and all else.

"I prosper in everything," he declared. "Nothing stands before me."

He found Rosenfelt, who had traveled with him in days of yore, and bade him be in attendance at St. Phillip's on the morrow at twelve o'clock. He received the congratulations of old friends and comrades with becoming spirit. By and by he sat down to the card table and played one, two, three games, winning in all. He laughed gaily, almost rudely; he was in a mood of almost startling exultation.

"I knew I should be lucky in cards too!" he cried. "The tide has turned and Fortune, the fickle jade, woos me Again I win! What fortune!"

His friends meantime exchanged meaning glances. It did not seem propitious of good, this tone of high-pitched gaiety. It was ominous of disaster to the superstitious, and many such a one in after days recalled it—his laughter, his run of luck at the cards, his flow of nervous animal spirits.

"Again I win!" he cried. "Here's to Fortune—let us drink her health; she likes a bold lover!"

"Have a care!" cautioned a looker on. "'Tis ominous, this run of luck. Distrust it!"

"Distrust it! Why so? Shall I forsake my mistress just when she begins to smile upon me? Her smiles are sweeter than her frowns to me."

"You know the proverb," persisted the croaker: 'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love.' You're not yet married, remember. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"Indeed! I have no fears though. I'll risk it, and drink the cup to-morrow. You'll be there to see."

And so the tide swept on. He played an hour or so longer, his run of luck unbroken still. Then, having drank one or two glasses of iced soda water—he would take nothing stronger—he quitted the place.

He drove to his rooms at the Clarendon House. His servant, a Southern half Creole lad, whom he had given the sobriquet of Robin, came up in answer to his bell. He brought his master a tiny, scented, pink-colored and three-cornered note, which had been left for St. Albert during the afternoon.

A dark frown lowered on St. Albert's face; his eyes had a particularly fierce gleam as he took it.

"She—did she leave this here?" he asked, holding the missive still unopened in his hand.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "I told her you was gone out, but she insisted on coming up into the room to write the note, and then she called for brandy."

"You imp of Satan!" shouted St. Albert. "You let her into my rooms when I had expressly forbidden you to do it again! I told you she was not to come here again, and you have disobeyed me!"

As he spoke, he caught up his light gold-handled riding whip from the table, and drew the lash fiercely across the boy's face, leaving a long brown mark there on the brown skin.

The boy did not flinch, he did not cry out, nor protest in any way against this brutality from a master whom he served only too faithfully, but in his fiery Southern eyes a look of death came.

"That for your disobedience!" said St. Albert, as he laid the whip aside. "And now go down and bring up my glass of absinthe; be sure, too, that you rouse me early in the morning. No laziness this time."

Robin did not answer, but left the room. As soon as the door shut behind him, St. Albert opened the note which had so angered him, and as he glanced over it, it was evident that the contents were far from being pleasant or acceptable. Muttering a deep malediction on the writer, he cried:

"To-morrow will show! Fortune has so far befriended me well, and I shall risk it!"

As he spoke Robin, who had been gone some minutes longer than usual, came back bringing the glass of absinthe which St. Albert made it his custom to drink every night when he got into bed. He put the glass down on the table and silently performed such duties as were required of him, then giving a respectful "Yes, sir," to his master's command that he should come up betimes in the morning, he left the room.

He went to his own distant apartment in the servants' quarters; came out an hour later with a portmanteau in his hand, and gaining the street unobserved, walked rapidly away. On the morrow he could not be found, nor was he ever seen in New York again. But before he left the house he made up rather a bulky packet, which he sealed and directed to Lieutenant Cornwell, at his city office. He did not know the number of the lieutenant's house, or he would have sent it there. And as it chanced that in those days Frank Cornwell was away, the packet lay at his chambers uncalled for and forgotten.

As for St. Albert, feeling rather sleepy, he made ready for bed. Taking up the glass of absinthe he lifted it to his lips, then without tasting it he put it down.

"I won't drink it; I've had too much soda-water already. I don't want a headache on my wedding day; besides, I swear I believe the rascal put poison in it! How he glared at me! I'll leave the absinthe there, and if it is poisoned, he can drink it himself in the morning. I'll make him!"

He turned down the light.

MUTTERING A DEEP MALEDICTION ON THE WRITER, HE CRIED, "TO-MORROW WILL SHOW. FORTUNE HAS, SO FAR, BEFRIENDED ME WELL, AND I SHALL RISK IT."

St. Albert slept soundly. The house grew still. Two o'clock struck from the city churches, and it was about the striking of this hour that, out of the room adjoining St. Albert's sleeping room, a large, gaunt, tattered figure stole and crept toward the bed, whence certain long-drawn even respirations told how soundly and well the sleeper slept. The light, dim at first, had grown brighter as the other burners about the house were extinguished, and now everything in the large, handsomely furnished room was plainly visible.

The figure crept along with a stealth terrible to behold. He—for it was a man, a old man, too, with flowing snow-white hair and beard—gained the centre of the floor, then paused and looked about. He seemed to fancy there was not light enough, for he turned on a brighter blaze; then he stole forward on tip-toe, making from time to time gestures of extreme caution, and leaning over the bed, gazed into the sleeper's handsome face. He shook his long bony finger at it with a flickering laugh—or rather the shadow of a laugh, for his lips moved as if in mirth, though no sound came.

"Gold! Gold!" he whispered. "Hair bright as gold! I traced it—'twas so bright, I couldn't miss it!"

The clock ticked steadily on; the sleeper slept; the tattered figure pressed closer to the bed. He laid his hand softly on the face of the pillow, as if admiring its costly texture. Closer, closer still he pressed, and pointing to the locks of yellow hair tossed about by the sleeping man's movements on his pillow, laughed again that soundless laugh of ghostly mirth.

Oh, wake, St. Albert, wake! There is danger broad in the night! It draws near to you, and still you sleep! Wake, oh, wake!

St. Albert—some dream troubling him perhaps—moved uneasily and moaned. He turned his head a little, just a little, on the pillow, and then old Shaun took a long, bright and murderous blade of steel from his breast—a long, lithe Italian stiletto, like that St. Albert himself once carried, and would have used had the occasion come.

There is no help, then, for the sleeper? None!

When old Shaun lowered the arm that lifted that knife above the sleeping man, it was dripping wet with warm red blood. The old man looked at it with an unmoved face, then he wiped it carefully on the white counterpane, on the lace of the pillows, leaving awful, sickening stains there, and finally laid it on the table amid the ornaments, and costly toilet articles there. His work finished, Shaun took two or three steps away from the bed.

"Cold!" he whispered. "My Maggie had to lie in her bed in the icy water—*he* will be more comfortable."

He went to the table, took up in his blood-stained hands one after another the scent bottles, brushes, bits of china and crystal, and examined them with a childish ardor of enjoyment. He sniffed at the cut-glass bottles of perfume; he took the rings St. Albert daily wore from their satin cushion and forced them on his own brown, bony fingers. The watch, with its long, glittering gold chain, attracted him. He took it up and hung the chain about his own neck, leaving the watch suspended, swinging. One could well nigh believe that it ticked loudly with terror.

The glass of absinthe stood there, and catching sight of it, old Shaun lifted it to his lips, emptying it at a draught. Then he put the empty glass down, and turning, looked at the white, still figure on the bed. No long-drawn, even breath could be heard now; crimson drops dripped from the sheets to the carpet. Old Shaun shook his hand at that still, cold form.

"Cold! ay, you are cold now! You pushed my Maggie into the water! I know you—I know you by your gold hair!"

He caught sight of a gorgeous brocade dressing-gown thrown over a chair. He took it up, and thrusting his arms into the sleeves, tied the heavy tasseled cords about his waist. It was quilted and silk lined. Old Shaun looked down at himself admiringly. He turned and looked in the glass, turned on a brighter light, then looked at the gory figure stretched there on the bed in ghastly silence. He laughed, and made a fantastic grimace at himself in the mirror, and tossed his arms in the air.

"Gold! it is all gold!" he muttered. "How it shines!" He touched the watch admiringly. "There's nothing like gold! Old Shaun likes it; but Maggie's dead; she can't enjoy it now any more."

Thus the crazed old father raved; and then, suddenly, in the midst of his antics and his fantastic merriment, he stopped, put his hand to his head, and wavered.

A ghastly pallor blanched his face. His limbs grew numb and cold; he staggered, grasped wildly for something to support him, and then he slid down to the floor. His limbs cramped under him as he lay there; his body gave one or two convulsive movements.

"Gold! gold!" he whispered. "Maggie!" and then grew strangely, awfully still—still, like that other sleeper on the bed—two silent sleepers!

That was the sight the sun shone on in the morning, when they came to fetch the bridegroom to his bride. One crimson stained, with a wound in his breast; the other with a green poisonous foam gathered on his lips. But neither of them ever woke again!

CHAPTER XVI

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Meantime Robert Temple lay in his cell in Ludlow street jail, accused of the gravest crime for which men suffer the penalty of human law—the taking of human life.

Time passed—it must pass some way with all of us—but the hours were terribly long to him. His thoughts were of Rose—always of her.

On the morning of the 25th, he said, "To-day she is a bride!" The next morning he said, "To-day she is a wife; she is on the ocean; she is leaning on her husband's arm and looking in his face. I can see her; how beautiful she is. But she will not think of me!"

He groaned out and dropped his face into his hands.

To his friends who came to see him, he simply said that he was innocent. And when they asked him where he was that night—or rather, that morning—for the murdered woman had been seen on the pier by a policeman at three o'clock—he shook his head.

"That," he said, "I cannot tell."

A dead blank followed that question—where was he?

None of his comrades remembered seeing him after the noon hour. His landlady swore that he left her house in the afternoon at six o'clock; she remembered it particularly because he asked her to take a few stitches in his linen, and did not return till late next morning, when he appeared to be greatly agitated and worn, and complained of feeling ill.

"Where was he?" everybody asked, and no one could answer.

The clerks in the office remembered that he did not come in that afternoon, but of his visit to the races, it chanced that they knew nothing. Robert felt that rather a dark case was being made out against him. He had been seen with the poor woman on the wharf, the day he landed in New York. His visit to the dead-house in company with old Shaun; the agitation he showed when confronted by the dead body of his victim, were remembered; his handkerchief marked with his name in full, was found on the child. Alas, poor Robert! that that one act of sweet humanity should be brought to tell so darkly against him; and then, crowning evidence of all, the policeman's embellished recollection of the scene when Robert stumbled on Shaun MacIvor, when the latter was taken on the street with a fit; the old man's piteous, pleading cry that his child should be given back to him; Robert's uneasy manner in endeavoring to silence him; old Shaun's escape, afterwards, from the young man's hands; all this was darkly told; and steadily, as time wore on, opinion went against the innocent and spirit-broken man.

"Why should I not be hanged?" he thought. "It would be a fitting ending to the whole story. St. Albert marries the girl I would have given my life to have made my wife—the girl I came so near to snatching from him—and now, I I am to perish on the scaffold, accused of the murder of St. Albert's mistress—no, no; let me do poor Maggie justice; she was his wife. I believe, as truly as I believe in heaven, that she was his wife."

It chanced that the day before his examination trial, Lieutenant Cornwell came back to the city. He heard the tidings, and drove directly to see Robert.

"My dear boy, you are not guilty of this thing?"

Robert smiled faintly. "You don't make it a question, Lieutenant?" he said.

"But why do you keep silent with such an accusation against you? Why not speak out and clear yourself? Surely, it would be an easy matter to prove where you were that night, who was with you, and where? Come, lad, you are a little under a cloud, I see. You need some one to spur you up and put some life into you. Tell me the whole truth."

He laid his hand affectionately on Robert's shoulder. As much as he loved anyone on earth now, this lonely, heart-broken man loved Robert Temple. The lad's handsome face; his cheery laugh; his bright, winsome manner, and, above all, his brave, high spirit and undoubted truthfulness — all these qualities had long ago attracted him, and now that the cloud had fallen on himself, now that his home was broken up, his wife wandering on the face of the earth, somewhere unknown to him, now that his heart was like an empty house, with no dweller in it, he loved the boy more than ever, and yearned over him as a father would do over a son.

"Tell me what it is you are keeping back," he urged. "Believe me, it will be better, even if the telling of it comes hard. Why any folly, any indiscretion, will be easier to live down than this."

Robert's face flushed. He turned and walked once or twice the length of his cell. When he came back there was a set and firm expression on his mouth that it had not worn before.

"There is nothing to tell," he said, simply. "Where I was last night; who was my companion, must die a secret with me, if I die, for all my telling. You know, lieutenant, there are times when a man may not speak, when honor lays her hand upon his lips and bids him be silent, no matter what the cost. That time has come for me. If the consequences of speaking the truth were to rest on me alone, then I could afford to break silence. But they do not, another is involved."

The lieutenant stared at him. "It is a woman," he thought. "Some woman that he loves was with him that night. Who could it have been?"

"Well, you knew best, I suppose," he said aloud. "Time will tell. As for me, my idea is that a man's duty to himself ranks above his duty to his neighbor. If you are sheltering a woman's name by this silence"—Robert started, with the blood rushing to his face—"if you are sacrificing yourself for that—and I think you are—then be sure, first of all, that she is worthy of it. Ask yourself if she would do this for you if you were to change places with her."

Robert turned pale at these last words. Would she—would Rose Vane so much as harm the little finger of her white delicate hand to save him from shame and long-suffering? Would she—would Rose Vane; nay, was she not Rose St. Albert now, and flying from him, leaving him to bear his fate alone, a felon in a felon's cell? Would she do this for him what he was doing for her?

"She would not! My God, she would not!" he gasped.

The two men looked at each other.

"Don't speak of it again!" cried Robert; "I can't bear it! Tell me rather about *her*. She was married—you saw her?"

"Married! To whom?" asked the lieutenant, wonderingly.

"To whom should she be married? To St. Albert, of course. Their cards were out; I received them."

"Great heaven! don't you know? Did they not tell you? St. Albert is dead! He was murdered in his bed the night before his wedding, by old Shaun MacIvor."

He went on and told the whole sad, horrible story, and Robert, when he was partially recovered from his horror at the unexpected news, told another. At the end they were silent for awhile. The same thought was in both their minds.

"The guilt lies *there*," said Cornwell, in a low voice. "It is hard to cry shame on the dead, but the guilt lies there. Old Shaun pursued him in revenge—if we could but prove it!"

When the lieutenant left Robert for the night, he started for the rooms where he was at present lodging. His own house had been shut up since his wife left him; but some urgent feeling he could not account for, made him turn about and seek his office. "Perhaps some letters have been left there since I went away," he thought. "After all, it will do no harm to look in."

His instinct was right. A letter had been left there—or, rather, a large packet, sealed up in a yellow cover. He examined it curiously. There was a medley of contents. A lock of soft brown hair—a woman's hair—a little package of letters written in a woman's hand; two or three bits of coarse scrawled paper; and, last of all, two pictures and another paper in a different hand from all. The lieutenant glanced over these letters with a curious, excited look on his face. By-and-by he jumped to his feet.

"Thank Heaven the boy is saved in spite of himself. I wonder if there's time to-night. No! I must wait till to-morrow. Well, sleep soundly to-night, Bob; it's your last chance in a prison cell."

He looked again at the papers. "If I had wished for revenge," he thought, "it has come now."

Many people were greatly disappointed on the morrow that the famous case against Robert Temple was not called. Among these was a certain policeman, one who had "kept an eye on the prisoner since the first night he landed in New York, and who" loudly declared that it was all a conspiracy to defraud justice of its rights. "For he's guilty, take my word for it," declared this irate policeman. "I seen him that night with the old chap as killed himself, and I'll have him yet—I'll keep an eye on him!" and Robert is unconscious to this day, that a certain member of the New York police exists but for the sake of bringing him yet to his just deserts as a criminal of the darkest dye.

As for Robert himself, he left the court house leaning on Lieutenant Cornwell's arm, hardly able as yet to believe the fact of his sudden release—afraid to wake and find that he had been sleeping, that his freedom was a dream.

As they descended the steps he saw a private carriage, with servants in dark blue livery, drawn up to the curb-stone. When he had got nearer, the door opened, and an old gentleman in black, with white hair gleaming, actively got out and came forward to welcome him.

"Robert! my dear boy!"

And there, in the carriage, was another figure, slight and delicate, and dressed in deep black, but with a face in which there was no meaning, bent forward, and two little gloved hands were stretched out to clasp him.

"Robert, you have forgiven me—you will come home now?" And then he rode by her side, holding those hands in his. "We were coming to save you," she whispered. "I should have told the whole truth concerning that night, if it had been necessary. Oh, Robert! think if I had married that man!" She turned pale. "Even the letter that lured the poor girl to her doom was there; and the boys' sworn testimony against him! It is all so dreadful."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MATCH THAT WAS MADE IN HEAVEN.

Later in the day Mr. Vane was sitting alone in his study when a light knock sounded at the door.

"Papa! may I come in!"

It was Rose's voice.

"Certainly, my dear!"

"Robert, too, papa?"

"Robert, too!"

Mr. Vane looked at his child as she tripped gayly forward. A happy blush was on her cheeks; her soft eyes sparkled with a light, half merry, half pensive. She came to him, and twining her arms about his neck, rested her soft cheek on his forehead. Robert stood at a little distance looking on, thinking it the fairest picture he had ever seen in his life.

"Well, my child; what is it? what are you getting ready to say?"

"I have a secret to tell you, papa; that is, Robert and I have one together. He thought it was wrong to keep it from you any longer, and I think so too!"

She stopped, blushing prettily as she essayed to put her communication into words. Her father waited patiently.

"Well, my dear, out with it—I am listening."

"Out with it!" Rose pouted. "It is not a brown paper parcel, at all. And I don't know how to begin; but I might as well."

Rose looked at Robert for encouragement, and got it in the tenderest, fondest glance she had ever received from those bright, flashing eyes.

"Did you know, papa," she began, with a beating heart; "did you ever guess that Robert and I are half man and half wife? No, I don't mean that exactly; but that we are half man and wife together?"

"Rose, what are you saying? Are you out of your senses?"

"No, papa, dear; I am in my right mind now, though I have been tossed about and troubled for many months. But the truth is," here Rose leaned over and proudly took Robert's hand, "Robert and I were very nearly married once. The ceremony was partly gone through with and then broken off. We were partly married, but not enough to be lawful man and wife—or to claim each other."

Mr. Vane's face grew dark.

"Why was not I told of this before?" he said.

"Because—oh, papa—because I was such a coward. I would not let Robert tell you. I was afraid of—of—" Rose *shuddered and looked down at her black dress.* "It was at St. Philip's church," she began anew, "the morning poor Rosa was married. Robert and I were left alone when Rosa fainted. I don't know how it came about—I suppose it was because we loved each other," here Rose blushed divinely again—"but we each said something—there was a little persuasion used—and then we went into the deserted church. The rector—you remember how white he was, papa, he was very ill—refused at first. I suppose he did not really know what he was doing when he began the service. He had got partly through it—we were kneeling there at the altar—when he fell on the floor dead!" Rose turned white as she recalled that awful scene. "Oh, papa, was it not dreadful? He was dead, poor man — of heart disease — and we two kneeling there!"

Robert took her hand, they stepped forward together. Even in his deep anger—for Mr. Vane was seriously offended at this story of a lover's folly told to him now for the first time—in spite of his displeasure the proud old father could not but say to himself how fair and fitting a couple they made.

They clasped hands and stood before him.

"You will forgive us, won't you? We may have the wedding ceremony completed now? We love each other—we always have."

Mr. Vane joined their hands, holding them in his.

"You did wrong in not telling me," he said, to his daughter. "That other marriage should never have been contemplated if I had known of this."

"It was my fault," pleaded Rose. "I was half wild with terror. Oh, I see it now; that dead man lying there, his hand clutching my skirt! I don't know how Robert ever got me home; and then to think of being half married and half not!"

"You should have told me," repeated Mr. Vane, gravely. "But there, go! We will have another wedding by-and-by—not now; you must, bad though he was, pay some outward respect to St. Albert's memory."

Thus the lovers were dismissed to their lover-councils.

"Not rejected lover any longer," said Robert, when they were alone together. "And, do you know, Rose, I never shall be quite certain which was the rejected lover, St. Albert or I. You rejected him to go with me to the altar, and then you rejected me to go with him in bridal attire. You seem to me to have been a most faithless young woman."

And thereupon he kissed her with tender joy.

"I know at least which one of you I loved best all that time," she replied, shyly, and taking back directly the kiss he gave her.

"Have I not told you our marriage was made in Heaven?" he said, proudly. "Some tender spirit wrote those letters which brought me back to you, Rose. I shall always believe it. 'Twas planned in Heaven!"

And regarding those letters they never learned the truth. But it chanced that Lieutenant Cornwell, after his wife had left him, turning over the littered papers in an old desk, came across a tiny package of letters written, in a woman's hand and signed "Rose Vane." They were directed to Robert Temple, or rather they were addressed to him, and were in the vein which a young girl would drift into, when conscious of a happy love dawning on her bright young life.

The letters puzzled the lieutenant, the more so that they appeared to be rough drafts of a correspondence. He quietly burned them and said nothing. But long afterwards, when he heard Rose and Robert exchange jests concerning "spirit letters" which their good angel wrote, then the whole truth flashed upon him. His unhappy wife wrote the letters hoping to bring Robert Temple back to win Rose, and thus keep St. Albert free—free to wed her in time. But the scheme miscarried, and Rosamond, where was she?

When another spring came round, Robert and Rose were married. Loud rang the bridal bells. The blushing apple blossoms dropped about their feet in the pleasant country lanes to which they flitted for their honeymoon.

Happy, happy, happy was their song ringing sweetly all day long. There is no fairer picture in the world than love smiling on love. Peace go with these two lovers! We all unite in saying it. Peace go with them!

Lieutenant Cornwell lived abroad many years, and then one day he came home, with his broken health and broken heart, to die. A Charity Sister came in to nurse his last sad hours. When all was over, she cleared the room of friends and attendants, saying that she would pray for him, alone.

She fiercely rejected all offers of assistance, and closed the door in their faces, shutting herself in with the dead. Those without waited long and patiently; no sounds could be heard from within, and then growing more and more uneasy at the strange stillness in that room of death, they opened the door and went in.

The dead man was lying there, as they left him, and there stretched on the bed beside him, one arm flung across his breast, they beheld a woman's figure. The Charity Sister's big disfiguring cap and cape, together with some bands of soft gray hair, were lying on the floor in a heap, as she had tossed them.

The frightened servants stole forward. The woman's face was laid close upon the face below; her hair, long, black and glossy, streamed upon the pillow and over her arm. As they lifted up her head, her lips clung heavily to the dead man's face.

This other face was the face of a dead woman, too! It was the face of Rosamond Cornwell!

THE END.

AGRICULTURAL.

UNCLE SAM still has left one billion one hundred and fifty-four million acres of land, such as it is.

OVER 197,000 trees were planted in Minnesota during the tree-planting season, by contestants for certain premiums which had been offered to those planting the largest number.

FOR A CRIBBING HORSE—Feed with a nose-bag and give hay only from an iron rack. Coating the wood-work in a manger with crude petroleum is also recommended. The bad taste will soon cure the animal of all desire to bite his crib.

Of the two thousand and more varieties of pears described and known to those who make pomology a study, only about seventy or eighty are counted as truly valuable and profitable to grow, when season, size, productiveness and hardiness of the trees are all taken into account.

LEAVES of the pineapple, now being extensively cultivated in the East Indies, are turned to account by being converted into a kind of wadding which is used for upholstering instead of hair. A sort of flannel is also manufactured from them, from which substantial *waistcoats and shirts can be made.*

FROM a single tree planted in a tub and kept in his hot-house, C. S. Holbrook, of Holbrook, Mass., sold in eighteen years no less than $2 300 worth of peaches—some of them at $36 per dozen, many at from $24 to $28 per dozen, and all at an average of $18 a dozen. They were sold mostly in the months of February and March.

THE GRAIN BINS OF CHICAGO.—Chicago has eighteen steam elevators with a total capacity of 18 850 000 bushels of grain. One of these has a capacity of 1,750,000 bushels; another a capacity of 1,500,000; two others will hold 1,250,000 each, and four 1,000,000 each. The others have a capacity of from 200,000 to 750,000 bushels each. During the year the capacity for storing grain has been increased by over a half million bushels.

ROADSIDE FRUIT TREES.—The roads in some parts of Germany are lined during the entire distance with rows of poplars, or of apple trees, the branches of which latter bend beneath the weight of the fruit. A fine of 3s. is the penalty for plucking the fruit, consequently it is permitted to ripen, and the owners or the community reap the benefit of their foresight in making shade trees at once beautiful and profitable.

CARBOLIC ACID FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—Several of my nice geraniums began to look sickly, and upon examination I found little worms at the roots. I applied a solution of weak carbolic acid quite freely to the earth, and found it restored the plants to health and beauty in a very short time. It will also kill lice upon the stalks if applied with a swab or feather to the plants, without injuring the foliage.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE check-rein is a useless appendage, thoughtlessly put on many livery teams, and we are sorry to say, on many farm teams. It is a cruel practice, painful and injurious, and a positive hindrance to the most effectual working of any horse, as it prevents the horse from throwing his weight into the collar, and compels him to pull by the strength of his muscles only, and keeps that constant strain from the unnatural position of the head and neck. A tight rein by a careful driver is much better than a check-rein. This cruel practice has been abandoned in most of the European countries, and the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have in many places in this country caused it to be abandoned.

CHANGES IN ENGLISH CROPS AND STOCK.—An English Agricultural writer states that there were 287 819 acres less wheat sown in Great Britain in 1875 than in 1874; but there were of barley, 221 714 acres; oats, 67,625 acres; beans, 5 127 acres; and of peas, 5,828 acres more than in 1874. In animals there are 28,300 more horses now than in 1874. Of other stock there were 112,067 less cattle; 1,147 802 less sheep; and 182 914 less swine than in 1874. This will be of interest to Western farmers. It is quite probable that wheat culture may be permanently on the decline in Great Britain, but the very marked decrease in live stock is probably to be attributed in a great measure to the violent contagious diseases that have ravaged that country during the last year.

SALTING BUTTER.—J. T. Hawley, of Salina, Onondaga county, N. Y., recommends the use of brine instead of salt. The chief use of salt in his opinion, is to assist in getting rid of the buttermilk. Instead of the common practice of washing the butter with water he would use brine at once. The butter would thus absorb all the salt it could probably hold, any particles undissolved mixed through being of no value in its preservation. He would discontinue churning before the process is entirely completed, and then add the saturated brine, allowing it to stand about fifteen minutes. He would repeat the washing two or three times, till half the buttermilk is separated. He contends from personal observation, that by the proper use of salt, in pure solution, butter will be superior and more manufactured than in the common way.

HEN MANURE.—A farmer in the *New England Farmer* gives the following useful hints as the result of his experience: He took four bushels of dry hen manure, turned it on the barn floor, took a common flail and thrashed it to a powder; then took twenty-five bushels of muck that had been dug eighteen months, spread it on the barn floor and thoroughly mixed it with the hen manure. A single handful of the compost was put in the hill, and the corn dropped upon it. He had a splendid field of corn. Planted one row without the compost. That row could be distinguished all through the season, being about two weeks behind the rest of the field, and finally it never did catch up. If farmers that keep from twenty to thirty hens would save all the droppings and compost as above, or in some better way, instead of buying fertilizers, as many at the present day do, it would be very much more to their advantage.

THE ORIGIN OF SNOW-FLAKES.

Far away in a forest, deep down in a glade,
A streamlet was murmuring its song to the shade;
For the sun, like a child o'erwearied with play,
Had unfolded his wings and floated away;
Yet the glow of his smile still mantled the stream—
First flashing, then fading like thoughts in a dream;
The sky was as bright in its purple and gold
As o'er held the earth in encircling fold;
The breath of sweet blossoms came down through the leaves,
Like the exquisite thoughts that poesy weaves,
Yet the stream murmured on, o'er its bright shining breast
Swept a sad monotone of ceaseless unrest,
For it pined for the sky and the beautiful stars,
For the gold-tinted clouds, with their rose-colored bars,
And longed to be taken away from this earth,
And folded to sleep where the sunbeams have birth.
The spirit of air from his blue throne of even—
Softly drawing the earth still nearer to heaven—
Stooped down to the waves, which the sunbeams had kissed,
And gathered them up in a silvery mist,
And bore them above, where they softly unrolled
In a light, fleecy cloud of azure and gold.
But, alas! for all things of sin-laden birth,
The streamlet still bore the dark stains of the earth;
Though cradled in skies which the rainbows enfold,
It sighed for its home in the forest of old,
And broke into sobbings and shiverings of fears,
Till the cloud was dissolved in a shower of tears;
Then falling, soft falling, from sunshine and love,
And all the bright warmth of the heavens above,
They froze as they neared this cold planet of ours,
And fell in soft snow-flakes—pale, crystallized flowers;
Purified from their stains, cold, pallid and dead,
As if pitying tears that angels might shed.
And, oh, what a lesson was taught to my heart,
As, watching the snow-flakes fall gently apart,
I prayed to the Father—whatever my lot,
Be my home where it may, in a palace or cot—
That the spirit content might dwell in my breast,
And banish forever the demon unrest.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OGRE AT HOME.

It is possible that the conclusion of the last chapter but one may have excited some little apprehension in the minds of our readers. "We are going to have a Derby-day now," they may have said to themselves, "the old thing over again, that has been described by novelists without number, from the days of Pendennis—ay, and long before, for aught we know—up to now, and of which every year the newspapers give graphic descriptions by the column."

Calm your apprehensions. The Derby is over. Of all our principal characters only Petworth was present, to whom it was as much a matter of routine as a meeting in bankruptcy. Astyonax did not win. He was nowhere seen in the race, and walked in quietly among the rest of beaten horses, without exciting the slightest attention. There was no chagrin, however, on Petworth's countenance at this untoward result. Nor did the settlement at Tattersall's on the following Monday disturb the even tenor of his way. Wilford's losings were ostentatiously paid over in new crisp Bank of England notes, and then Mr. Petworth began quietly to pocket the items that trickled in from various sources of his own winnings.

"It's only another thousand to the general account," said Petworth to Wilford cheerily, when he brought home the news of the defeat of the colt. "That won't hurt us much."

The result, however, was to make Westley feel himself more than ever in the hands of Petworth. Here was a man who had proved himself a friend indeed. Of all the friends of his youth, who had helped him so joyously to spend his money, was there one who would or could have thus helped him in this strait?

In the mean time, his days passed pleasantly enough at Puffin Abbey. There was a pretty neighborhood to explore, with a charming companion. The river that flowed past the abbey was well-stocked with trout, and Petworth had the right of fishing for a long way on either side. The abbey itself was by no means a bad place to stop at. It was fitted up with every modern appliance of comfort, and Mrs. Petworth, although quiet and reserved, had a vigilant eye on the welfare of her guests, and kept all the machinery of the house in admirable working order.

Westley, like a careless sybarite, enjoyed the goods the gods provided, without troubling himself much about the future. Sometimes an uneasy pang would come across him as he remembered Audrey, and wonder what she would think of him. He had always cared more for her opinion than for any other, and in spite of himself he could not get rid of this feeling. And yet when he thought of her as mistress of Wilfordhurst, and that she had no doubt ere this interests of her own opposed to his, and would give another master soon to the old house, he felt that he must look upon her henceforth as one almost an enemy.

He looked eagerly forward to his marriage with Olivia. He recognised that it would make a new starting-point in his life. It would be a decisive cutting adrift from all old associations. He would begin a new life, although apart from his old one, in which Olivia should be the presiding spirit; for Olivia suited him very well. He had always felt with Audrey a sort of constraint, as if he were in the presence of a mother or elder sister. But with Olivia he was entirely at his ease: there was a kind of good fellowship about her that was extremely pleasant.

Olivia herself was not at all dissatisfied at the prospect before her. Marriage would be for her an emancipation. The world, bright, joyous, jubilant, opened out before her, and with a companion quite tolerable and nice, she was about to taste all its delights. They would not be very rich at first, but there would be plenty of money coming by and by, and they could therefore spend all they had ungrudgingly.

Mrs. Petworth was the only unit of the household who seemed dissatisfied at the proposed arrangement. Not that she disliked young Wilford, whose manner was pleasant and winning, and who soon established himself in her good grace. But she thought that Olivia ought to have done much better than to engage herself to a ruined man; and although she was little accustomed to criticise her husband's plans, yet in this case she thought he had acted with most reprehensible short-sightedness. Mrs. Petworth did not conceal her ideas on the subject from Olivia.

"Don't set your heart upon it too much, my dear," she said to her; "for it all seems to hang upon your papa, and he may change his mind, or a hundred things may happen."

But Olivia was not at all discouraged; and when Petworth came down on his next visit to Puffin Abbey, he put a stop to his wife's doubtful sayings.

"You know me well enough, Elizabeth" he said in answer to her objection, "to be sure that I am quite aware how many beans make five. When I begin to fail in my calculation in that respect, you may take the management of my affairs. So far from wishing to postpone the match, I want it to come off as soon as possible, and I'll tell you why."

Petworth then rehearsed to his wife the story of Martin, and his unexpected reappearance on the scene. He did not swallow the incident of the false announcement of the death of his sister; that he passed by as an invention of Martin's; but he set forth the disagreeable results that might ensue if the man made a resolute effort to take possession of his daughter.

"Now if she has a husband," went on Petworth, "all that difficulty is at an end."

"But don't you think he ought to be told?" said Mrs. Petworth. "He ought not to be ignorant of his wife's connections."

"It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," replied Petworth. "I shall say nothing about it to any one, and I forbid you to."

Mrs. Petworth was sufficiently well trained in the matrimonial *menage* to know that obedience was a wife's best ornament; and she acquiesced silently, but not without misgivings.

"Will it be valid if she's married in a name not her own, and what will you put down in the register? Why, I always understood, my dear, that her husband had been a Captain Brown, who had served in the Spanish navy."

"That was some of Emmy's rodomontade: she's as full of it as an egg with meat. Bless you, she's begun to weave a romance out of Martin now—she'll make him grand chamberlain to the King of Timbuctoo before many days are over."

Petworth laughed gleefully, but his wife looked quite pained and grieved.

"She's an unhappy woman," she said at length. "I should like to have her prayed for."

"Bless you, don't do that," said Petworth. "She's like a leaky old pot, that serves a turn very well at times, but that, if you tried to mend it, would tumble all to pieces. Let us get these young people married off-hand. Bless my heart, old gal, it will make you feel quite young again to have a wedding in the house."

Mrs. Petworth shook her head mournfully. Her experience of the joys of matrimony had not been ecstatic enough to inspire her with any enthusiasm on this occasion.

This conversation had taken place through the open door of Mr. Petworth's dressing-room, whilst he was making ready for dinner on the evening of his arrival. He was in excellent spirits, and sung snatches of old airs all the time he was tying his cravat and brushing out his somewhat scanty locks. He descended to the drawing-room in the same gay mood. There he found Olivia, who, ready dressed for dinner, was comfortably curled up on a *fauteuil* reading a novel.

"Hallo, my rosebud!" he cried, "why, you look as fresh and as wicked as a four-year-old. Come and give me a kiss, and guess what I've got in my pocket for you."

"I'll give you a kiss if you'll come here and fetch me," said Olivia, saucily; "and as for what you have in your pocket, they are *dragees* from that French shop in Regent street, and I don't care a bit for them."

"Oh, very well; then I shall take my gifts away to give to somebody who will appreciate them," cried Petworth, showing the corner of a handsome-looking jewel-case.

"Ah!" cried Olivia, springing to her feet, and making a dart at the case, which she succeeded in appropriating after a feigned resistance on the part of Mr. Petworth. "Oh, a lovely *parure* of pearls. How nice of you! I'll give you a hundred kisses for these."

"Two will be quite enough for me," said Petworth, "and you can pay the balance to your young man."

"The idea!" said Olivia; "do you think I would kiss him?"

"It used to be the fashion in my day," said Petworth. "But where is the young gentleman?"

"He has been out fishing this afternoon, but he came in just now."

"And how are you getting on, you two—spooning desperately, eh?"

"Oh, no, we don't spoon," said Olivia, tranquilly; "but we are very good friends."

"Friends!" cried Petworth; "I should think so, rather. Oh, here he is," he went on cheerily as Westley appeared at the drawing-room door.

"Friends, countrymen, lovers, lend me your ears. I've got something to say to you two, if you will shut the door, Westley. Thank you."

"See what a charming present papa has brought me from town," said Olivia, putting the casket of pearls into her lover's hand.

Westley looked at them with a half sigh. He could not help feeling small, as he thought that he should be unable to give his bride any suitable gift, unless he borrowed the money from his future father-in-law for the purpose.

"Well, never mind that," said Petworth. "The point I've got to say to you is this. I'm getting uneasy about Westley here, and to say the truth, I shall make a better point if he's out of the way. So that's why I bought the pearls, miss, for a wedding present; and I propose it comes off in a fortnight at latest. What do you say, Livy?"

"It is for Westley's benefit," said Olivia.

"And what say you, Westley?"

"I am only too glad of anything that will hasten the desirable day," said Wilford.

"Then next Saturday week it shall be. And now, Westley, I should like to speak to you in my study for a few minutes."

Petworth led the way into his business room, which was plainly and neatly furnished in oak, with shelves of law-books, interspersed with other and lighter literature of a sporting cast.

"I got this library, the law part, from her former husband," said Petworth, with a jerk of the head towards the part of the house where Mrs. Petworth was supposed to be. "He read a good deal of law—I don't. If I want to know how a point stands, I go to an expert and pay him for his advice. It's a deuce of a mistake to fancy that a man's head can hold a lot of stuff like this if he's got his daily affairs to look after. Well, now as to your matters, Westley; they are in a devil of a coil. The other creditors want to make a bankrupt of you."

Westley bit his lip.

"I thought that you could prevent that," he said.

"I shall do my best. Very likely I can. I shall show them first that they won't get a copper in bankruptcy, and then I shall make an offer. Anyhow, leave it to me."

"There's nothing else for it," said Wilford.

"Another matter—I thought you'd like to make a present to your wife on the occasion."

"So I should, if I could——"

"Well, I've managed that. You know that you sold the family diamonds to Mossheim, well, I kept my eyes on them, and gave him a hint to keep 'em together, the man being under obligations to me; and since, I've bought 'em back and had 'em reset. Here they are in this case, and a set of jewels any lady in the land might be proud of. I've made up a little note of it all, and you can just give me your I O U for it, and when we come into funds again we can square it up."

"Upon my word, Petworth," said Wilford, "you are a devilish good fellow; you seem to anticipate my very wishes. I'm hanged if you're not something in the light of a guardian angel to me. These things will look splendid on Olive. How can I ever thank you?"

"Take care of her, my boy—take care of her," said Petworth, in a voice that really sounded husky with emotion. "And now let us go down to dinner."

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW MUCH THE WORSE FOR A WOMAN!

"I am very glad you have come to see us this evening," said Audrey to Mr. Framlingham, who had just made his appearance in the drawing-room at Avenue Gardens. "I should have been at your office to-morrow morning if you had not come, and I know you don't care to be bothered with ladies there."

"Your presence, my dear Miss Wilford, would have been an ornament to my dusty rooms," said Framlingham; but he spoke in a weary, absent way, as if from habit only, and without thinking of what he said.

"You don't look well, Mr. Framlingham," said Audrey, pushing up an easy-chair towards the fire. "These east winds are very trying, lagging as they do so far into the year."

"Yes, my dear, yes," said Framlingham, sitting down, and rubbing his hands feebly together; "they are very trying to us old folk. Yes, yes, it's the east wind."

"There is one thing especially I want to speak to you about," said Audrey, seating herself where her face could not be seen by the lawyer, unless he turned determinedly round in his chair, "and that is about poor Westley's legacy."

"There was no legacy to Westley," replied Framlingham, testily.

"Yes, you know what I mean, the five thousand pounds that uncle Arthur meant him to have had. I know he was right in canceling it, for the money would have been swallowed up by the harpies who have ruined poor Westley—a mere drop in the ocean—and I have no wish either to benefit them; but I do think that Westley ought to have the money—tied up, you know, so that it will be a provision for him. Just think how dreadful it must be to have lost everything, after being accustomed to ease and luxury, without anything to turn to earn a living for oneself. Why it seems hard enough for those who have been regularly trained and hardened to the thing to earn enough money to keep them, and for those who don't know what a day's hard work is, oh, it must be dreadful!"

"Ay," said Framlingham, with a groan, "it's bad enough for a man, but how much worse for a woman!"

"Ah, yes, I often think of those poor creatures, and now that I have the means, I intend to do something to help them. There are societies I can subscribe to, and I could take some bad cases myself."

"Don't don't," said Framlingham, waving his hands; "don't talk like that."

"Yes, I am running away from the subject," said Audrey, "which was poor Westley. But I think I have explained my wishes pretty clearly, and there will be no difficulty in carrying them out, will there, Mr. Framlingham?"

"Don't speak of him," said Framlingham—"a ruffian, a scoundrel! I wish he were hanged, or drowned fathoms deep in the sea!"

"Why, what has happened—why do you speak so bitterly?"

"What has happened is this," said Framlingham, his voice broken with emotion. "This spendthrift, this reprobate, who has fooled away a noble property, and thrown his means into the gutter, is to have the estate again that your money has bought, and you, my dear, will be penniless."

"How do you mean?" cried Audrey, pale and breathless. "It is impossible! Has a new will been found? Has uncle Arthur left his money to Westley? Oh, he could not be so unjust!"

"Your uncle Arthur was justice itself. He would rather have flung his wealth into the sea, than that Westley should have a penny of it. But this is what he did. To keep the estate from the scoundrels who have been preying on Westley, he entered into an engagement to purchase it, and his death does not affect this contract. The executors of his will are bound to complete it—they are bound to buy this estate, and the purchase-money and expenses will swallow up every penny of the personal property of your poor uncle."

"But what matters that? It can be sold again, and will fetch as much as he gave for it."

"It cannot be sold. It passes to the heir-at-law, who is Westley Wilford."

"That is bad enough," said Audrey, after a moment's painful silence, in which she struggled hard and successfully to retain her composure, "but after all it is not hopeless. I know Westley better than you, Mr. Framlingham," with a proud lift of the head. "He is incapable of taking advantage of such a piece of legal chicanery. He is one of us, you know, Mr. Framlingham, and the Wilfords are the soul of honor."

"Oh, my dear, you are leaning on a broken reed, if you trust to that. The young man himself may not be evil-principled, but he is not his own master. He is a mere puppet in the hands of a man named Petworth, a keen fellow, who will stand at nothing."

"Still I believe in Westley," said Audrey, but with a faltering voice. "I will write to him; I will make an appeal to his honor."

"I believe, after all, that is the best course," said Framlingham, eagerly. "It is just possible that he is not so entirely in the hands of these scoundrels but that a deed of renunciation from him might take effect in law. But what frightens me is that these fellows are so well informed. Now, how should that Petworth know anything about the signing of the contract of sale? I should have thought that would have been impossible for him to get at."

"I think I can explain that," said Audrey. "You know the Petworths were at the sale, and some people there treated them very rudely. And I was so sorry for the girl, for she seemed a nice-spirited girl, and she felt it a good deal. Well, whilst we were sitting in a little room warming ourselves—the Petworths being the only other people in the room, except Mrs. Bradshaw, who was with us—uncle Arthur came in, and seeing us sitting there alone, apparently, for the Petworths were half-concealed by a screen, and uncle was very short-sighted, he cried out, 'Well, I have signed the deed,' or something to that effect. I saw that Petworth looked dreadfully angry."

"Yes, he had meant to get hold of the estate himself," said Framlingham; "but he has well revenged himself. Ah, and he came to me—the snake—asking to look at your uncle's will, that he might inform Westley's creditors whether there was any legacy for him; and then, no doubt, he took in all the provisions of the will, and saw that it did not pass the landed estate. Can you imagine such duplicity?"

"And poor Westley is in this man's hands," said Audrey.

"Poor Westley, indeed! Why, he is the evil spirit of the whole affair—the very man who has let loose this serpent among you poor doves. Westley is to marry his daughter, they say; but thank God, he'll be a slave, all his life, to his father-in-law. Petworth will hold the rod over him. There's some comfort in that."

"You are not just to Westley," said Audrey. "Poor fellow, he has a noble disposition, and if he had a fair chance in his youth, he would have been a distinguished man. And if it rests with him, Mr. Framlingham, I have no fear of the result."

"It is a forlorn hope; a forlorn hope," said Framlingham, shaking his head, sadly. "Still, you can but try it—you can but try it. But I doubt if he'll get it. Petworth looks over all his letters, depend upon it. He has got him bottled and tight-corked; yes, and wired, and sealed, and everything. My dear," he whispered, hopelessly, "it's no use our fighting against Petworth."

"Oh, don't despair of us, Mr. Framlingham," said Audrey, tearfully; "let us have hope to the last. I would stake everything on Westley's honor. I will sit down and write a letter to him now, whilst I have yet courage to do it," said Audrey, going to the writing-table.

There was silence in the room for about a quarter of an hour, interrupted only by the scratching of Audrey's pen. Framlingham leaned back; looking dreamily into the fire. The emotion of the last half hour had almost exhausted his energies.

"There," said Audrey, at last, springing from her seat and holding out the letter to Framlingham; "read that, and see if it will do."

"Ay, let me see," said Framlingham, taking out his double gold eye-glasses. He roused himself with an effort, and read the letter attentively. "Yes, yes, that will do very well; yes, that must touch him, I think."

"Now to get the letter into his own hands. If he is surrounded, as you think he is, by the agents of this lawyer, the letter may be intercepted. His last address was Bodley terrace, but I don't know whether he is not in hiding. Stay, I think Martin knows something about him."

"Let us have Martin up, then," said Framlingham, "and let me speak to him first, please. I have something to say to him that will quicken his faculties a little."

Martin appeared in answer to the summons, and awaited, respectfully, his mistress' pleasure.

"Martin," began Framlingham, "come this way, I have some news for you not over pleasant. It has been found that, owing to some informality in Mr. Arthur's will——"

Martin drew a long breath of apprehension.

"It has been found, I say—ay, in Mr. Arthur's will—that there will not be sufficient funds to pay the legacies, unless we can induce Mr. Westley Wilford to sign a certain deed that will set free the funds that are locked up. Now, your mistress has written to him a letter, calling upon him to come forward and sign this deed; but the difficulty is, where to find him and deliver to him the letter, which must be put into his own hands. Now we want you to undertake that. Understand, your own thousand pounds is at stake, and if we fail, all the money will fall into the hands of Mr. Petworth."

Martin was white with mingled rage and apprehension. "I'll kill him first, sir," he whispered, in a husky voice.

"No, no, Martin; no violence. Come, all we want of you is to get this letter into the hands of Mr. Westley without an hour's delay. Will you undertake it?"

"I will, sir," said Martin. "If he's above ground, I'll find him."

"I'd almost rather you found him underground," said the lawyer, *sotto voce.* "Come, Martin, this journey of yours may be finished in an hour, or it may be prolonged for a week. Don't waste time in coming back here, but follow him up till you find him. Here is money for expenses, and send for more if you want it."

"Thank you, sir;" said Martin; "I have money enough of my own; and what

expenses I pay I will put down. I don't expect it will cost more than half a crown for a cab."

Martin, however, was out in his calculations. When he reached Bodley-terrace the house was dark and seemingly untenanted. He pulled the bell violently, but the echo of the clanking wire was all the sound he heard. After a few minutes of this work he grew tired, and made his way to the baker's shop at the opposite corner.

"Do you know where the people at No. 8 are?" he asked of the master-baker, a white-faced man in a drab coat, who was making up his books at a desk in the corner of the shop.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "there was two or three furniture-vans at the house this evening, and they seemed to be moving off in a hurry; but more than that I don't know."

Martin inquired at several of the neighboring houses and shops, but with no better result. The butcher reported that the lady of No. 8 had called and squared his little account and changed a five-pound note, saying she was going off into the country; and that was all the information Martin could get about one who was so near to him—a little more than kin, and less than kind.

The next place to inquire at was Mr. Petworth's office. The place was all shut up, but after a little trouble Martin succeeded in finding the housekeeper of the premises. She, however, knew nothing of Mrs. Brown, nor Mr. Petworth, except that letters were sometimes sent on to him at the Rhadamanthus Club, Regent Street. At the club Martin ascertained from the porter that Petworth had not been there for some days. His letters had been sent on to his country place, Puffin Abbey.

To Puffin Abbey Martin determined to go, and beard the lion in his den. He had recovered from the impression Petworth had made upon him, and was now prepared, he felt, to confront him. At all events, he was assured in his own mind that where Petworth and his adopted daughter were to be found, Mr. Wilford would not be far distant.

Martin went back to Avenue-gardens, packed up a few necessaries, assumed a less professional garb, took a long Spanish cloak that had been his old master's, put on a round Spanish hat with a velvet tuft upon it—in fact, transformed himself from a decorous serving man to a very brigandish-looking personage. Then he drove off to the terminus, and took the night train for Bonchester, the station nearest to Puffin Abbey.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ.

THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

When I took my leave last night,
Nellie—she could do no more—
Softly brought a candle-light
Just to shew me to the door.

How it was I cannot tell,
When I felt her hand in mine,
Something said, "Why not as well
Press her pretty lips to thine?"

Then I clasped one hand quite tight—
T'other held the light, you know—
So that Nellie, helpless quite,
Felt she couldn't say me "No."

But she gave a little scream,
That did ne'er the bliss deny;
And—too brief the happy dream—
In went she, and out went I.

A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.—Ethelinda—"Mother, isn't it *wicked* to say 'you be blowed,' as Algy does?" Mother—"It's *worse* than wicked, my dear—it's *vulgar*!"

"MARCH OF REPINEMENT," 1876.—Brown, (behind the age, but hungry): "Give me the bill of fare, waiter." Head Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir?" Brown—"The bill of fare." Head Waiter—"The what, sir? Oh!—ah!—yes!—(to subordinate)—Ubawlea, bring this—this—a—gentleman—the *menoo*!"

Two young ladies were conversing the other day, and one said that her heart was really broken. Charles had proved fickle.

"Was he rich?" asked the other.

"No," was the reply; "but he was so nice."

"Well, my dear," was the consolatory response, "marry old Jones, who is after you, and mend your heart with diamond cement."

"Yes," he said, dreamily, "we are always striving for a subjective goal. Unconsciously, it may be, but still we strive. We lean over the verge of the infinite, longing to grasp its mysteries, and lost in the profundities of its immensities."

"Yes," she replied, thoughtfully. "But, John, would you mind my putting a brown patch on the seat of those old black pants of yours?"

EXTRACT from a new opera "The Pirate Horse-Car," from advanced sheets in the *Chicago Tribune*:

"And now," said the Pirate, as he turned to the shrinking maiden, "I love you. Be mine! Be the rover's bride! Come to the sunset tree! Oh, come with me in my little horse-car! Come to the bower I have braided for you! Come where my love lies dreaming! Come unto these yellow sands!" And touching his light catarrh he warbled in a ravishing mezzotinto tenor Wagners serenade, (op 63, in A major shoebern obligato).

WHY SHE DIDN'T SMOKE.—Old Mrs. Duflicker stated to a neighbor, the other night, while comfortably sitting in front of the fire, that she had "allers had a great notion to learn to smoke," she did so love the "aromy of tobacker." She added: "I would her learned long ago, dear knows, but I heard wunst that a man had his tongue paralyzed by smokin', and that skeered me out. Lord knows I wouldn't want my tongue paralized, fur I couldn't talk none if it was." Here the old gentleman, who had been silently gazing into the fire, drew a long sigh. There's no telling what the old fellow was thinking about.

THE CLERK KNEW HIM.—A day or two ago a lady was trading at one of the dry good stores on Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and found herself short of money. In this emergency she said to the clerk:

"You may charge the balance to my husband. I suppose you know him, don't you?"

"Sir, ——? Oh, yes," replied the clerk; "I gave him credit for a silk dress for you the other day. How did you like the shade and quality?"

The lady did not answer. She hadn't seen the aforesaid dress, and as she hurried home she clenched her fingers and gasped:

"Wretch! Silk dress, eh? Oh, I'll—"

"SHUT THE DOOR."—The Buffalo Courier tells the following story:

Yesterday afternoon a very well-bred and exceedingly dignified young lady of this city entered a florist's to make a purchase, when she was accosted as follows by a shrill voice resembling that of an aged lady:

"Shut the door; don't you know any better? It's cold outside!"

Very much overcome with mortification and embarrassment, she looked about for the speaker, saying:

"Pardon me, madam, but the wind blew so I could hardly close the door."

"Well, mind your eye, miss, and don't do it again," repeated the voice, when to her great astonishment, the young lady discovered that she had been conversing with a well educated and certainly very familiar poll parrot.

Evidently annoyed at the bird for deceiving her so, the young lady turned her back to the cage, and was intent on examining some flowers. Suddenly the same voice; or what seemed to be, said to her:

"What can I do for you, miss?"

"If you hold your tongue I shall be gratified above all things," replied the young miss, turning round as she spoke, and discovering the lady proprietor standing in her presence.

The denouement was all that might be imagined.

NEW PARLOR GAME.—Yesterday afternoon a small boy informed a policeman that there was a row in a certain house on Beaubien street, and the officer went up there. Hearing a racket as he stood before the door he opened it without hesitation. A man and his wife and a big girl were having a three-handed fight, but they let up as he looked in. "What's the row?" asked the officer as he noticed their bloody noses and scratched faces. "Row!" they all shouted in chorus. "Well, it looks like a row," answered the officer. "You go long!" said the woman. "This is a new parlor game, and me and Jane are playing agin John. We had him in a corner when you came in, and three more good lifts would have counted him out!" The officer went away and left them to finish the game and John together.

PECULIARITIES OF SPEECH.

It is very easy to acquire, but very difficult to lose a peculiar trick of speech or manner; and nothing is more universal. If we look round among our friends and acquaintances, we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture—all tricks caught when young, and, by not being corrected then, next to impossible to abolish. Who does not know the familiar "I say" as the preface to every remark? and the still more familiar "You know," as the middle term of every sentence? Who, too, in these latter times has not suffered from the infliction of "awful" and "jolly?"—milestones in the path of speech, interspersed with even uglier and more obstrusive signs of folly and corrupt diction—milestones that are forever turning up, showing the successive distances to which good taste and true refinement have receded in this hideous race after slang to which our youth is given.

Then there are people who perpetrate ejaculations, who say "Goodness!" as a mark of surprise, and "Good gracious!" when surprise is a little mixed with reprobation; lower in the social scale it is "Did you ever!" and indifferently to all stations, "You don't say so!" or in a voice of deprecation, "No!" and "Surely not!" To judge by voice and word, these ejaculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in unending astonishment, and their appeals to their goodness and that indeterminate quantity called good gracious are incessant.

In the generation that died with the Fourth George the favorite ejaculations were "By Jove!" and "By George!" with excursions into the regions of "Gad!" and "By Jingo!" Before then we had the bluff and lusty squires who rejoiced in "Odsbodikins!" and "'Swounds!" with other and uncouth oaths, that were not meant to offend the hearers, but were simply tricks of speech caught by speakers. So, indeed, is the habit of swearing and using bad words generally. It is emphatically a habit, a trick of speech, meaning for the most part no more than the "Goodness!" and "Good gracious!" of the milder folly.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

In view of the great dangers besetting young people of the present day, in the form of bad newspapers, illustrated "juvenile" monthlies and weeklies of a vile character, surreptitiously and extensively circulated, and finding their secret way into the best homes and schoolhouses of the land, the dullest managers of a *pure* periodical for the young can hardly fail to burn with a holy fire. If they only can do a negative good, in crowding bad reading to the wall, in taking up the children's attention so that foul publications are unheeded, a great work is accomplished; their mission is a blessed one, and good citizens everywhere should rally to their assistance.

Let not parents deceive themselves. No home is too sacred or too carefully guarded for those fiendish invaders, the venders of low and dangerous juvenile publications, to ply their unholy trade. *Every* child is in danger for whom good, well-selected, enjoyable reading is not provided by those most directly having its best interests at heart. All dangerous publications do not betray their character at a glance. Often they wear the mask of graceful information, and even piety. Do not force your child to spend time in reading, but look to it that all his or her reading-time be properly and pleasantly filled. While you blindly congratulate yourself that your boy or girl, through a fondness for books and periodicals, must necessarily be learning something, it may be well to know what that something is.

Undue intellectual stimulus for children is bad enough, but emotional stimulus is worse. In the hands of unprincipled purveyors it opens the way to moral errors of every kind, and by quickening an else slow growth to what is holy, develops only precocity and vice. The point of the wedge is easily inserted, and, at first, as easily thrust back, but beware of the silent force that, having once gained an entrance, may split the peace and purity of your home.—*Scribner's for October.*

A Contrast Worthy Public Attention.

What is the effect of a drastic purgative upon the constipated bowels and a dyspeptic stomach? The intestine is emptied so violently as to weaken and render it still more inactive, and the gastric juices vitiated by contact with an indigestible medicine, lose the chemical qualities which constitute them the only true solvents of the food. Results—aggravated constipation and chronic indigestion. What, on the other hand, are the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters on the same organs? The bowels are moved, but without violence, and at the same time acquire a healthful tone; the gastric secretions are stimulated and improved, and duly perform their part in the processes which eventuate in the nutrition of every part of the human structure. Results—a regular habit of body, sound digestion and vigor. Let the public draw its own conclusions from this contrast.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 234 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

THE New York *Independent*, in noticing the "EXCELSIOR CARPET STRETCHER AND TACK HAMMER," says, "This little device will be appreciated in every family where the semi-occasional misery of putting down carpets is experienced. It is simple and inexpensive, but does its work effectually, handling the most obdurate carpets like a charm." See the advertisement in another column.

An Article of True Merit.—"Brown's *Bronchial Troches*" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR: CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

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32 Warren Street, New York.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY!

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON. For the cure of weak stomach, general debility, indigestion, disease of the nervous system, constipation, acidity of the stomach, and all cases requiring a tonic.

The wine includes the most agreeable and efficient salt of Iron we possess; Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

The effect in many cases of debility, loss of appetite, and general prostration, of an efficient Salt of Iron combined with our valuable Nerve, is most happy. It augments the appetite, raises the pulse, takes off muscular flabbiness, removes the pallor of debility, and gives a florid vigor to the countenance.

Do you want something to strengthen you? Do you want a good appetite? Do you want to build up your constitution? Do you want to feel well? Do you want to get rid of nervousness? Do you want energy? Do you want to sleep well? Do you want brisk and vigorous feelings? If you do, try Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community, that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, renovates the system and prolongs life.

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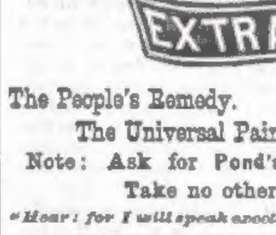

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THE BOUDOIR.

This has been, in spite of the unusual mildness of the weather and lack, in consequence, of the customary winter sports of skating, sleigh-rides, etc., a brilliant and thoroughly successful season. Times have been dull in financial circles, so say the business men, failures many, money scarce, yet the consequences seem hardly to have reached the *gay* world. Fashion holds her sway with all the power of former times, balls and reunions follow in rapid succession upon each other's heels. Lent, which ends the gay season, commences later than usual this year, and thus far the Centennial year has been welcomed by all manner of festivities and merry makings.

We have seen some lovely toilettes in light evening silks; one, for a charming young *debutante*, was too pretty to pass by unnoted. It was of the creamiest tint of cream-white silk, made with a long flowing train, with puffings of crepe lisse a half yard up from the bottom of the skirt. Sprays of pale tea rosebuds were placed at intervals upon this puffing. An overdress of crepe lisse, embroidered in cream colored silk, was looped high at the left side with garlands of tea rosebuds, with flexible stems. The corset waist was of silk, with puffings of crepe lisse around the low neck arranged in the form of a berthe. A garland of small buds encircled the neck, and crossed the bust a little to the left of the front, falling from thence in a long spray, which joined the one that looped the overskirt. A wide soft sash of cream colored silk with point lace ends, under which was placed a quilling of crepe lisse, was draped in graceful folds at the back, and caught up the back widths of the overdress. The hair was worn in high puffs, and with two long loose curls hanging at the back. A small cluster of buds high up on the left side of the head, and a trailing spray fell over the left shoulder.

A walking costume of dark gray camel's hair cloth, combined with silk of a darker shade, was made in this wise: Underskirt of the silk, with demie train. Deep flounce at bottom, edged with knife pleating of the same. The flounce was put on in box pleats, with a deep heading, which was lined with lighter silk, matching exactly in tint the camel's hair. The overdress was made long and full. The front and side breadths separate from the back, and trimmed round the bottom and up the sides with a fold of silk and deep woolen fringe. The back width is pointed, and has a broad pointed revers on each side, trimmed with a band of silk and fringe similar to that upon the front width. Neither back nor front width are looped, but hang in loose graceful folds. The basque is double-breasted; and short in the back, long and pointed in front. It is edged with trimming similar to that upon the overskirt, and the fringe is continued up the front. Smoked pearl buttons close the front. A plain English collar finishes the neck. Sleeves of silk similar to the underskirt, made half tight, and with double frills at the wrist, finish the costume. Hat of light gray felt, with plumes of darker gray, and scarf of gray silk around the crown; band of cardinal silk above the forehead, and wing of shaded crimson looping the left side of the broad rim. Muff of gray silk, with feather bands to match the plumes of the hat. Buff of feather tips for the neck.

A hat of dark green felt had three plumes of shaded green, two falling over the back, one placed across the front of the crown. Band of pale lilac serge silk across the front under the revers brim. Dark red carnation on the left of front.

The Parisian elderly mothers and grandmothers have this season adopted for opera coiffures hoods of white or black blonde, frequently embroidered in gold. These hoods are becomingly arranged on the head, and the slight severity of this coiffure is lightened by one large flower or a bunch of small flowers posed to suit the face, either on the side or (for regular features) over the forehead. As regards coiffures, the preference is still for those which are very high in front. On the forehead the hair is always worn in short curls, or else slightly frizzed, to frame the face. In the back the hair falls very low in the neck, and for ball toilettes it even falls to the middle of the back in the shape of long locks, the ends of which are slightly curled, braids, or extremely loose twists. For these coiffures, also, gold or silver takes a prominent place. It is used in the guise of a rope, passing back and forth through the divers details of the coiffure—braids, curls, twists, etc.

One of the novelties of the season is the *broderie* lace for trimming evening dresses. This is strong tulle embroidered with satin floss in rich figures that make most effective garniture: it is especially admired on white silk dresses. Point de Venise lace of modern manufacture, but closely imitating the beautiful designs of antique Venetian point, is chosen to trim the tabliers, and as flounces of rich silk and velvet dresses. For quite young ladies are pleatings of crepe lisse matching in color the pale cream, sky blue, and rose silks of which their dresses are made. Among beautiful floral garnitures are rosebud fringes, half a yard wide, of pendent buds of varied colors, damask red, creamy tea roses, and pale pink, while others are entirely closed in their green calyxes; these trim the tabliers of ball dresses, and form the berthe of the corsage.

ODDS AND ENDS.

"La robe Juive," an overdress of lace or velvet, richly embroidered, and with a bib front and back for waist, with long graduated skirt, is much worn for dinner and evening toilettes over a rich silk underskirt.

Foulard silks in delicate tints are much used for indoor costumes.

Embroidered tulle, done in satin floss, is much in vogue for overdresses in evening toilettes.

A pretty fashion, giving a dressy effect to light silks, is to lay a breadth of tulle in folds on the front of the basque, confined at the throat and bust by a knot of bright ribbons. A belt of the latter, with bow at the side, finishes the waist.

To judge from the amount of gold and silver galloon used for trimming abroad, one might think the "golden age" returned.

Muffs to be fashionable must be very small. They are made of all materials, matching suits, and have from one to two and three borders of fur.

The hair is worn high upon the head, with two or more long curls or loosely plaited braids falling behind.

Spring wraps are already talked about; the Dolman shape is given preference.

Dog-collars of oblong pieces of metal, connected by fine filagree links, are worn attached to bands of silk-faced velvet ribbon.

French backs to waists, with two or more sidebodies, are the rage for evening silks.

Buttons are very fashionably used for trimming dresses, polonaises, etc.

Armlets, or bracelets above the elbow, narrow bangles, and bands about the wrist are all fashionably worn now.

OUR WORK TABLE.

Our model for this week is an Opera Cloak of the new shape. It is not necessary to add that made of serviceable material, it can be worn upon many other occasions than merely as a wrap for the opera or a *Sortie de bal*. The one we propose to describe was made of silk, but cashmere or any light cloth used for such garments might readily be substituted. The color of the silk was a pale tea rose tint, of a creamy shade, a thick soft twilled serge silk; number of yards required, four; five large soft silk tassels, one thick cord with tassels attached; four yards of cardinal colored silk, thinner and less expensive than the outer silk, for lining. The color of the tassels, cord and tassels, was blended cardinal and cream color. The shape of the wrap, a loose Dolman. The back is cut in two pieces, and is half tight, sloping in somewhat to the figure; the fronts are loose and much longer than the back, and end in two deep points at the middle. The sleeves are long, loose and pointed on the outer seam. The entire wrap lined throughout with cardinal silk, quilted in small diamond pattern. The neck is finished with a small flat pointed hood, also lined with cardinal and bordered with a band of cream tinted ostrich feathers; a similar band edges the entire garment and bottom of the sleeves. On the points of these latter, on the outer seam, is placed a tassel; and on each of the points of the front of the garment is placed one, the other is attached to the pointed end of the hood. The cord and tassels edge the neck, and tie loosely across the bust. Pattern furnished on receipt of price—fifty cents.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. N. MCK.—We can furnish you pattern and, if desired, materials for opera hood described in a previous number; price of pattern, fifty cents. Yes, you can make it of silk or merino if you choose.

TEACHER.—You can make a very comfortable pardessus of thick Knickerbocker, black or dark blue would be best. Have a long loose sacque, with adjustable belt in the back, and with either hood, cape or deep collar at the neck. A hood is more fashionable than the long used cape. Have deep outer pockets on the sides of the fronts.

MINNIE L.—You can certainly wear a cardinal colored silk, trimmed with black or white thread lace, for a dinner party. The utmost richness and elaborateness of attire are admissible on such occasions. Indeed in Europe it is the custom among the wealthy and fashionable to always appear in full dress, and usually a decollete costume, for that meal, which is the one of the three that must be served with strict attention to etiquette and ceremony.

NINON.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

Yes, you may kiss me once—
Just once, not even twice.
You wicked wretch, you gave me two!
No, it isn't nice.

You have your orders, sir—
Once, only once, I say!
How very strange, you can not count!
Now, dear, will you obey?

Oh! well, if you're so dull,
I'll give you one chance more;
Now try to get it right this time;
You horrid creature! Four!

Just understand me, please—
I told you only one.
And if you do me out of four,
They'll have to be undone.

There! then I give you up,
The hopelessest of dunces;
But you can kiss me just once more—
That means a hundred onces!

SNOW-SHOE AND RIFLE;

OR,

The Trail of the Phantom Moose.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Renegade Chief," "Sword and Saddle, Etc.

NUMBER I.

SADDLEBACK — THE STORY AND THE GUIDE—THE MOOSE IN THE MOON.

The river Saddleback is one of the numerous unimportant streams of Maine. Rising in Franklin County near Lake Mooseluomaguntic, (which name the young reader can master after several trials), it flows in a north-easterly direction, and debouches into that more important river of the terrible name—Dead River. The latter stream, flowing sluggishly along, carries the waters of Saddleback into the noble Kennebec, which rushes then into the illimitable Atlantic, where they help to float the craft of all nations.

During a great portion of the year Saddleback can be crossed on the ice, and when it is open it seems to enjoy its holiday. Salmon and trout sport in its pellucid waters, and now and then the moose frightens its finny tribes with his palmated horns. Among the pines on the bank the great white owl, from the snowy shores of St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, hoots dismally, and awakens the slumbering echoes of forest and stream.

If the great pine woods of Maine are lonely during the day, they are more than dismal after the setting of the sun. The long cry of the wolf often creeps over the ghostly snows, and the noise made by moose in stripping the bark from the trees for sustenance, fills the heart of man with superstitious fear. The harfang does not fail to visit the pines, and his strange cry is heard nightly during the colder portion of the year.

The uninviting picture which I have drawn is admirably adapted to a portion of the country through which Saddleback flows. The pines that greeted the characters of my narrative years ago, still stand, and the logs of the hut made famous by their hands, are still to be seen beside the river. But the moose are not to be found in such numbers to-day; they seldom visit Saddleback now; but the owl and the wolf still know the stream and its icy waters. To them Saddleback is home.

One night in the month of March, which often-times is winter where Saddleback flows, the sharp barking of a dog broke the stillness, and brought four youths, who sat in the warmth and light of a pine fire, to their feet.

"He's coming back at last!" said one of the quartette, with joy. "That is right, Quaddy! bark till Tete answers you."

The brown mastiff continued to bark until the voice of a man among the ghostly pines beyond the bivouac fire was heard; then he ceased and darted forward, wagging his tail delighted.

"It's me—Snow-Shoe Kit!" said the harsh voice, and a moment later the lank figure of a man appeared to the four youths at the fire. "'Bout tired of waitin', I guess," he said, with a smile, halting in the ruddy light, and relieving his shoulders of the fatty hind quarters of a young moose-deer. "I've had a pretty long tramp of it, youngsters; but I caught the prey at last. The moose is sharp, but he can't outwit Kit South. I caught this fellow peelin' a pine, and my gun brought him down. Now for supper!"

The gaunt individual proceeded to cut some savory steaks with his long knife, and the youths spitted them with alacrity. Then all gathered about the fire, and talked while they watched the cooking of their palatable supper.

"Did you see anything of the big moose?" asked one of the boys, looking into the hunter's face.

"No," answered Kit, with a drawl. "But we'll see them soon enough, I tell you, youngsters. I haven't brought you to Saddleback for nothin'; if you think I have, I'll guide you back to Portland to-morrow. Then I'd return alone, and hunt hereabouts until I brought down every moose in the herd."

"We have no thought of going back. I for one believe that we will encounter the phantom moose."

"And so do I!"

"And I!"

The fourth boy did not speak. He was attending to one of the pieces of venison and seemed too busy for aught else than his duty. He was the most prepossessing member of the party. He was well built, and wore an intellectual look. Health was engraved on his face, blue eyes peeped from beneath long lashes, and a rich mass of auburn hair touched his shapely shoulders.

His companions were boys of his own age, which might have been seventeen, and strong and good looking.

The guide was tall and lank, as already mentioned; a man of endurance and iron will. Many years of his life had been passed among the lakes and pines of Maine, and the settlements to him were distasteful. His name was Christopher South, but he was commonly known by the soubriquet of Snow-Shoe Kit.

As a faithful guide, a daring hunter, and a man of many noble qualities, he was known to red men and white from New Hampshire to New Brunswick, from the Atlantic to the St. Johns. He was, at the date of our narrative, about forty years of age, a short sandy beard covered his face, and his soft grey eyes looked over cheek bones as prominent as the North American Indians. He generally carried a long barrelled rifle, knife and tomahawk, eschewing with singularity the pistol.

When summer returned to the woods and waters of Western Maine, Kit's favorite stamping ground, he came to the southern settlements, and the youth of Portland hailed with delight his arrival in their city. They knew that stories of the snowy woods and frozen rivers would follow his return, and the tall hunter often found himself the guest of the nabobs of the city, enlightening old and young alike with the narratives of his thrilling adventures.

It was during his visits to Portland that he encountered the four boys who sat with him that March night near the bank of Saddleback, more than one hundred miles from their city homes on Casco bay. They were youths whose hearts he had fired with tales of the moose's trail; but more particularly with a weird story, which I will relate in a few words.

For many years there had existed among the Androscoggins in Maine a belief that a herd of moose of fabulous size roamed the western forests of the State. These phantom animals could leap the widest rivers that tried to mar their progress, and bend the young pines to the ground with ease. Many Indians arrived, having gazed upon the misty herd, while others contented themselves with declaring that they had seen the terrible trail in the snow.

Men who pass their lives in the forest fall easy preys to superstition, and the stormy wilds of Maine and Michigan are not adapted for the eradication of such fancies as I have described.

Snow-shoe Kit, as we will call the guide, listened to the Indians till he more than half believed the story of the gigantic moose. He soon found himself trailing them up and down Saddleback and Dead River, and when he went to Portland, declared that he had caught glimpses of the band. The big moose were no myths; he had seen them under the full moon, and their hoof prints in the snow settled their actual existence.

It was with this story that the four Portland youths had been drawn from their homes to Saddleback. They were not runaways; their parents had committed them to the care of the guide, who often took parties into the woods for a brief season, and returned safely with them to the settlements. Ostensibly, Saddleback was not the destination of the party; but the guide was taking the boys to the home of the phantom moose, and he did not rest until he found himself by the cold little river.

With this diversion let us return to the fire, and record the first noted incident of this singular quest.

The savory venison was cooked and discussed with zest about the fire, and when the portion of the hams that remained uneaten had been hung upon pine boughs beyond the reach of the prowling wolf, Snow-shoe Kit addressed the youths.

"Now let us go over to the hill again. The moon is comin' up in golden beauty; and something tells me that we'll see the big moose just as I saw 'em one night there."

His remarks were received with approval; and, armed with rifles and equipped with light but strong snow-shoes, the party left the camp. The snow was deep but light; but the shoes kept the wearers from sinking below the surface, and the hill mentioned by the guide was reached after the walk of several minutes. It stood at the edge of the wood some distance from the river, and overlooked a little valley white with snow, and dotted here and there with clumps of stunted pines.

Over the highlands beyond the valley the full moon was creeping like a globe of gold, and would soon flood everything with indescribable beauty.

It was a grand sight to the boys, and filled their romantic hearts with rapture; they compared it to the vision of the midnight sun so graphically described by Arctic explorers, and watched the shadows depart from the valley. While they were thus engaged, a wild cry from Snow-Shoe Kit startled them.

"Look! look!" he shouted, wild with excitement and restless as a maniac; "there! there! the big moose is in the moon!"

The boys with one accord looked at the orb of night, and started back with cries of astonishment, for the enormous head and horns of a moose appeared on its aureate disc!

Kit, with distended eyes fastened on the apparition, was laughing triumphantly, and the youths could not but glance occasionally at his gesticulations. He seemed beside himself.

"There he goes!" he suddenly cried. "Now watch the moon, every mother's boy of you!"

The phantom head was moving across the glowing disc like the disappearing picture of a panorama. It was quickly succeeded by another and another, until, beneath their breath, the astonished spectators counted twenty-one spectres!

For several moments after the last had disappeared not a word was spoken, and the person who ventured to break the silence was one of the quartette named Harold McDonald.

"The big moose is no myth," he said. "Boys, we've found game worth hunting."

"That's so, Harold," said Kit; "we have seen the phantom moose. Now let the smart people of Portland contradict us. I tell you——"

He was interrupted by a wild cry from the centre of the valley.

"Hist!" cried one of the young Nimrods.

The guide smiled.

"Some Androscoggin has seen the moon, that is all," he said. "We've seen enough for to-night; let us go back and sleep."

A minute afterward the hill was deserted, and in a log hut on the banks of the Saddleback the boy-hunters and their guide dreamed of the moose in the moon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RATHER AWKWARD.

ELIGIBLE YOUNG BACHELOR (making a call).—"Well, Master Fred, you don't know who I am, do you?"

TOO CANDID YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"Oh, but I *do*, though! You're the chap ma says would be such a good catch for our Lizzie!" Tableau.

A CONTINENTAL SPOOK.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

Now that the Centennial is so near at hand, people are hunting up all their old relics of the Revolution, and a strange story is current in Hartford, Connecticut, which is causing, it is said, some excitement there. It seems that a gentleman has a quaint sofa, which dated from 1775. He determined to have it brought from the lumber-room and brush and clean before sending it to the Centennial Exhibition. He was just convalescing from a severe illness, and therefore had the antique piece of furniture placed in his bedroom. The first night it was there he awoke about one o'clock with a strange feeling of uneasiness upon him, and mechanically assumed a sitting posture. The old sofa stood by the hearth, and by the firelight he plainly saw a man lying on the sofa. He was about thirty years of age, dressed as a Continental soldier, and from a wound in his temple blood seemed to be flowing. Mr. Carter (let us call him) was very much surprised, and after looking at the figure till he took in every particular, even to the mud on the Hessian boots, he lay down very much concerned about himself, as he supposed his mind was becoming affected in consequence of the sickness he had had. He resolved to say nothing to any one, and, hoping his senses would return when he should be occupied with business, he fell into a troubled sleep.

He avers he saw this vision for two weeks, although he changed the position of the sofa daily. When unable to endure it any longer, he removed it to the parlor. His daughter's marriage was now to take place, guests began to fill up the house, and a young man was put into the parlor to sleep. At breakfast the next morning he blurted out, "Mr. Carter, I wish you would put some one to sleep on that sofa of yours, for I got an awful scare from it last night." When asked to explain how, he related that he had seen on it a wounded man, dressed in a Continental uniform. He was not to be laughed down. Mr. Carter was secretly relieved, but more surprised than ever.

"I'm not afraid," said the young gentleman, "to sleep by the side of that sofa the balance of my life, but I would like to determine whether I am the victim of my own imagination or not; if I saw a ghost it seems to me somebody else might do the same, for I'm the last man to become superstitious, or a spiritualist or any thing of the weak kind." Two other gentlemen volunteered to sit up with him; they, too, insisted that they saw the Centennial ghost.

Three more stout hearts joined the party next night, making six in all. These latter had hardly time to go to the old sofa and sit upon it, when the apparition appeared. The rest declared that they saw the bleeding soldier just the same, while the living men seemed to fade from view. Those who sat on the sofa saw nothing and felt nothing. The spectre was apparent and very distinct from one o'clock until the gray light of morning rendered outlines hazy.

No less than twelve persons are said to declare that they witnessed this strange thing. Mrs. Carter was the only one who could not see it, she being no doubt of that type of individuals who never get any satisfaction at a spiritual seance, nothing ever being done in her presence by the spirits; but it would seem that if a dozen persons could see it thousands could, and it would be an excellent opportunity to settle the long-vexed question as to whether the dead can appear to man, by exhibiting the sofa at the Centennial, which the owner is now more than ever determined to do.

—*Hartford Courant.*

WE have been often told that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and we may be just as well assured that a little bread is not the safest of all things; it would be far better to have plenty of both; but the sophism of those who used this argument is, that it represents the choice between little and much, whereas our election must be between little and none at all. If the choice is to be made between a small portion of information or of food, and absolute ignorance or starvation, common-sense gives it decision in the homely proverb—"Half a loaf is better than none."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

STRIPS of paper dipped in a cobalt salt solution containing common salt and gum arabic can be used as hygrometers. In dry weather they are blue, and in wet rose red.

IRON GUNPOWDER.—A composition sometimes called iron gunpowder is made as follows: A mixture of 1 part sulphur, 2 parts iron filings, and 3 parts nitre, will ignite by a glowing taper and burn with brilliant light. After it is cold the residue will probably give a red color, due to the ferrate of potash produced by the oxidation of the iron.

GAS FROM CORK.—It is said that recent experiments, made in Bordeaux, France, have proved that cork is capable of furnishing illuminating gas of good quality. It is economical and satisfactory. The authorities of Bordeaux have definitely decided to use this material in lighting the city. The fragments of cork, principally waste left after cutting bottle stoppers, are distilled in a close retort. The flame is white and more brilliant than that of coal gas, while the blue zone is much smaller, and the density considerably greater.

CHALK.—Most people looking at this substance would take it to be a sort of hardened white mud. Such is not the case, as the microscope shows that it is nothing but the agglomerations of creatures almost invisible. Bearing this in mind, one is astonished at the power of organic life, which can produce masses that form a rampart to the coast of England. Their minuteness is such that a single visiting card covered with a white layer of chalk contains about 100,000 shells. These are formed of carbonate of lime, and are so small that 10,000,000 are required to weigh a pound, and 150,000,000 to make a cubic foot of the same material.

NEW ARMY APPARATUS.—Church-towers were freely used by the Germans for reconnoitring during the war in France, but it has been left to the ingenuity of a Dane—Mr. Sahlstrom, of Jonkoping—to construct a special apparatus for the purpose, which can be used where there are no natural or artificial elevations accessible. It consists of a light expansible iron framework, surmounted by a cage capable of holding three persons, and mounted on a four-wheel carriage. The apparatus shuts down on the carriage, which is then about six feet in height. The observer's cage can be elevated by two men in less than five minutes. It attains, when elevated, the height of from seventy-five to eighty feet. The weight of the whole is about 20 cwt.

AN improvement has been made in the construction of pocket watches in which a permanent winding device is secured to the winding post, so as to be contained in a recess or well in the inner case of the well. The improved plan consists in attaching the winding lever bar or disk to the winding post of the watch in such a manner that any attempt to wind the post in the wrong direction will release the lever, bar or disk from the post, without turning it, thus preventing the watch from being strained or injured. Upon the winding post, the lever, bar or disk, is secured so as to lie in the well, and so that it can be turned towards the watch by inserting the fingers into the well. The upper end of the post is formed into a screw. The lever or bar has a hole through it, which is tapped with screw threads to fit the screw or upper end of the post; the bar is then screwed down upon the post, serving as a lever to wind the watch so long as it is turned in one direction, but, when turned in the other direction, it unscrews from the post without turning it.

IT is a common saying among sailors that heavy rain falling on the sea stills the motion of the waves—or, as they phrase it, the "rain soon knocks down the sea." Prof. Osborne Reynolds, of Owens College, Manchester, has made experiments which demonstrate that the saying is founded on fact; for when drops of water fall on the surface of water, they not only produce the usual rings, but they drive some of the surface-water downwards in series of rings which increase in size. To replace the water carried down, some of the under water would have to rise to the surface. "When," says the Professor, "the surface is disturbed by waves, besides the vertical motion, the particles move backwards and forwards in a horizontal direction, and this motion diminishes as we proceed downwards from the surface. Therefore, in this case the effect of rain-drops will be to convey the motion which belongs to the water at the surface down into the lower water, where it has no effect so far as the waves are concerned, and hence the rain would diminish the motion at the surface, which is essential to the continuance of the waves, and thus destroy the waves."

PERSONALITIES.

DR. CUMMING, of London, is way ahead of us. He says this year is the millennial, while we only claim a Centennial.

PAUL BOYTON, the swimmer, whose feats in Europe for the past two years have created much remark, has returned to Camden, N. J., in good health and spirits.

THE new fifty-cent note has the vignette of Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury in 1817, on the left. It differs but slightly from that now in circulation, except in size, being much larger.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON has made $100,000 by novel writing in the past eight years, and she says that "Infelice" is her novel *d'adieu*. She has married a rich husband, and lives near Mobile, Alabama.

INSTEAD of giving the annual New Year's ball at Spencer Wood, Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Canada, sent $1,200 to the Mayor of Quebec to be distributed among the poor. The Mayor himself increased this sum by a personal contribution of $500.

MISS BRADDON is said to be as industrious in housewifery as in novel writing. She "does up" all her housework before noon, and then writes all the afternoon. She is contemplating a trip to this country, and, if she comes, will make a reading tour of the States.

COLONEL VILLETTE, the aid-de-camp of Marshal Bazaine who aided in his escape, has finished the period of imprisonment to which he was sentenced, and has become a wine merchant, in order to earn a living, as he has been deprived of the right to a pension.

GOETHE'S centenary will be celebrated by the leading theatre at Weimar, in a series of representations of the principal dramatic works of the poet, terminating on March 22d, 1876, the anniversary of the death of Goethe, when will be performed "Faust," newly arranged for the stage.

AT Crescent, New York, there lives two twins by the name of Lansing, now in their seventy-fourth year, one of whom was born one year and one the next. The former came late on New Year's eve and the latter early New Year's morning.

OFFENBACH, according to a Paris correspondent, is worth $400,000, and, although he is a connoisseur in wines, is a very temperate man, never drinking more than a bottle at a sitting, unless upon some special occasion, when three bottles are rewarded by the Parisians as "abstinence."

WAGNER, the famous composer of "Tannhauser" and other important musical works of the new and noisy school, has declined pressing offers to visit Philadelphia this year. He would have been a first-class card, but there will be musical celebrities enough at the Centennial without him.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil will arrive in New York in April. Their Majesties intend to travel throughout the United States incog., and will pay special attention to the common school system, with a view of stirring up the Brazilians in an educational sense when they get back home.

JOSHUA MONTGOMERY SEARS, a student in Yale, attained his majority on Christmas day, and with it stepped into the possession of a neat little property estimated at $9,000,000. His parents died in his infancy, and the property has been held in trust by three trustees. One-half of the property consists of real estate in Boston.

MRS. HANNAH STOVER, of Bowdoinham, Maine, has a right to be regarded as the heroine of the Centennial year. She was born on the Fourth of July, 1776, at nearly the same hour when the great bell was ringing out the news of the Declaration from the old hall in Philadelphia. She is in good health, and hopes to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birthday in July next.

WHAT wonder that the Prince of Wales yearns for India and prolongs his stay, when he is thus written about by the Walt of Bombay:

We will see: the King that is to be: Prepare
Cannon.
The Moonfaced, Fish-eyed Deity.
Fire! Bang! The Guns go off from One
To Twenty One!
Think of having ten thousand Baroda children stand in a line and sing that at you!

MR. KERR, the new Speaker, is a tall, stately man, more than six feet in height, broad-shouldered, with a head well poised, a full growth of brown hair, and eyes that seem to read you through at a glance. His scholarship is of the highest order; books are his dearest companions, and his judgment of men is keen and discriminating. The man is wholly practical. There is no element of humor or romance about him, and his manners are dignified almost to austerity. He is forty-seven years old.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—A New Love Test. "The Bride's Farewell." Lost and Found. A College Freak. Emma Norton's Secret. The Sun of Life. Great and Little Wits. A Reminiscence of the War. The Lost Child.

A. H. C.—King Henry VIII had six wives. Their names in the order in which he married them, were Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard, and Catherine Parr, who survived the tyrant.

M. F. (Milford.)—The letters A. E. I. are those of a Greek word, meaning "for ever," and they are used to signify that the giver's affection is eternal. A. E. T. are the initials of the Latin words "Ad eternum tempus," which have the same signification.

CHAPLAIN.—There are forty-eight Chaplains in ordinary to Queen Victoria; they are appointed by the Lord Chamberlain, but receive no payment for their spiritual services, which however are not very onerous, being confined to one chaplain preaching once a year in the Royal Chapel on Sundays! The appointment however is generally a stepping-stone to more valuable preferment.

B. F. S.—We have read over your letter twice, and cannot bring ourselves to believe that we understand properly your meaning. If you mean that, while engaged to one lady, you have gone and entered into a second engagement with another lady, and you consider the matter as a subject for jest, we can only look upon you in one of two lights: Either that of a dishonorable and unmanly scoundrel, or a fool, who has not the common sense to perceive the enormity of the offense he has been guilty of. We leave you to get out of your scrape as well as you can.

KATHLEEN.—You had better meet him simply and calmly, and then judge by the result. The estrangement may be only temporary. His action is indeed unjustifiable and very cruel; but you are in a position in which temper and feeling, though perfectly natural, might only defeat what you naturally desire. Control yourself, and try to look upon the estrangement as what it most likely is—a merciful escape from an uncongenial and unfitting partner, however bitter the experience, it is better to find out a want of love before marriage than after it.

MAB tells us that she has been carrying on a correspondence with a young gentleman for some time. He writes very affectionately, she says, but will always speak about his brotherly feelings toward her—feelings which she neither understands nor cares about. She wants to know how she can make him a little less brotherly and more something else. This, we confess, we cannot tell her; if we could, we should be indeed run after! All we can say is, that brothership is a sort of medium state in such cases, and on no account to be despised. The "more something else," so much desired, may come in good time.

L. E. B.—Refer the gentleman to your father, who will hear what he has to state in reference to his prospects and to his means of making you a comfortable home. We do not doubt that you love him very much, and he adores you; but passionate love will neither pay rent, taxes, or butcher and baker. To marry on means insufficient to enable you to maintain your position is to incur a series of bitter struggles, together with the prospect of love flying out of the window as poverty pokes his nose in at the door. It is his duty to consult your father, yours to make him do so, your father's right that he should do so. Better a long engagement, with the ultimate prospect of comfort and happiness, than an early marriage, penury, and misery.

C. B. E.—We have given the recipe often before, but to oblige you and many others who suffer with their hands at this time of year, repeat that the best thing for chaps is a mixture of equal parts of glycerine and honey, and that the hands may be kept white and soft by the regular use a mixture of glycerine and lemon juice. Good glycerine soap, alone, will be found efficient, provided tepid water be used, and the hands be briskly rubbed with a rather coarse towel. In using glycerine and lemon juice first rub the glycerine well over the hands, and then squeeze over them a little of the juice of a fresh lemon, then use the best toilet soap, glycerine or honey. If your hands are red, use tepid water, and after wiping them rub them vigorously. Nothing tends more effectually to present a transparent surface on the hands than brisk rubbing.

NO SCHOLAR.—"Can you please tell me what is meant by the 'lost tribes of Israel,' how and when were they lost?" We might tell you to read up for yourself, but we will just briefly give you the information you want, leaving you to fill it up at your leisure by consulting your Bible and Commentaries on the subject. The kingdom of the Jews, formed of the twelve tribes, continued entire for the space of one hundred and twenty years, until Rehoboam, the son and successor of Solomon, refused to lessen the burdens of his subjects. A division of the tribes then took place; ten of them, revolting to Jeroboam, formed the kingdom of Israel, while the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, continuing faithful to Rehoboam, were called the kingdom of Judah. The kingdom of the ten tribes subsisted for about two hundred and seventy years; they were then subdued by a King of Assyria, and the nobles and all the most wealthy persons were carried into captivity beyond the river Euphrates; these are now called "the lost tribes."

INQUIRER.—The most important source of revenue to which rulers in India have, in all ages, looked for obtaining their income is the land, the tax on which, in the year 1858, just before the Indian mutiny, furnished more than one half of the total receipts of the (then) East India Company's Treasury. Even now, when the necessities of the Indian Empire have rendered it compulsory to resort more largely to the aid of duties levied on the continually increasing trade of the country, more than one third of the total income is derived from the land revenue. Next in importance is the income derived from the opium monopoly. The cultivation of the poppy is prohibited in Bengal, except for the purpose of selling the juice to the officers of the Government at a certain fixed price. It is manufactured into opium in the different Government factories, and sent to Calcutta, where it is sold by auction to merchants who export it to China. The gross revenue derived from opium has averaged during the last few years of which we have figures, about $30,000,000. Even in the lowest years, when the revenue from this source has fallen off, it has been more than sufficient to pay the interest of the public debt of India.

GILLIES.—"I am very anxious to study law; please tell me what previous education is necessary, also what books I should study, and can I read at home by myself?" It is not indispensable that you should have a collegiate course, although of course it would be more desirable if you can get it. Latin is a great help, nay, we may say an indispensable necessary. A thorough mathematical course and a good knowledge of history, general literature and logic are all very desirable. The greater your educational acquirements, the more capital you have to start with, and the greater your chances of ultimate success. Having laid a foundation in a good English education, you should commence with Blackstone, and read some good history of England, or of English law, in connection with it. Blackstone must be thoroughly and carefully studied, so as to have it at your fingers' ends, as it were, like a map before your mind's eye, with every division and subdivision clearly outlined and correctly located. Next study "Kent," and with it a good History of the United States and the Federal Constitution. The following works can be taken up after Kent: "Reeve's Domestic Relations," "Angel and Ames on Corporations," Parsons on Contracts," "Parsons on Partnerships," "Washburn's Real Property," "Bishop's Criminal Law and Procedure," and "Greenleaf on Evidence." Greenleaf cannot be too thoroughly studied, especially the first volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.—LILY.—A proper introduction should always precede such an intercourse. H. PAINE.—We could not possibly answer your question unless we heard both sides of the story. J. R.—If a hint to that effect be not sufficient, refrain from visiting the friend. INQUIRER.—It is optional with the lady; and she is quite justified, if she had been previously introduced. DESPERATE.—The forefinger of the left hand is the engagement ring finger. In England it is the third or marriage finger. J. W. D.—We make no charge for our answers to correspondents. We are always pleased to oblige them gratuitously. E. F. B.—The words "Don Quixote," are pronounced as if spelled "Don Kee-ho-tee." J. F. M.—We cannot undertake the responsibility of advising you how to invest your money. All we can say is that the safest investment is United States bonds. FLOY P.—It is no excuse; knowing that you are doing wrong, you should desist immediately before you go too far and cannot retrace your steps. L. M.—To comply with your request would be to gratuitously advertise the firms in question, and this, we need hardly say, is not our custom. W. M. W.—The signification of the word "Mizpah" is "The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another." D. F.—Steam is the vapor or elastic fluid into which water is converted by the application of heat. DR H.—A set of studs or a pair of sleeve buttons would be very appropriate. HENRY.—All efforts to force a growth of whiskers or moustache will prove futile. Frequent shaving and a stock of patience are all that is necessary. SUE.—We can hold out no encouragement to you for getting any employment of the kind you want in Philadelphia. Don't give up what you have now on any consideration. J. U. S.—The period of enlistment for U. S. Cavalry service is five years, and the pay $13 a month.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*